

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED; IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 17/6 PER ANNUM (Payable in advance).

VOL. 64.—No. 14.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886.

PRICE { 3d. Unstamped.
4d. Post Free.

Professional Cards.

The charge for a space in this column is 10s. 6d. per quarter (13 weeks), or 31s. 6d. for a whole year—payable in advance. Applications should be made at the office of THE MUSICAL WORLD, 68 & 70, Wardour Street, London, W.

Conductors and Composers.

Mr. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT,
8, MARLBOROUGH PLACE,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

Mr. FREDERIC H. COWEN,
73, HAMILTON TERRACE,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

Mr. CHARLES FOWLER,
66, ELSHAM ROAD,
KENSINGTON, W.

Mr. WILHELM GANZ
(Professor of the Pianoforte, Composer, and Conductor),
126, HARLEY STREET, W.

Mr. ALBERT VISETTI
(Professor of Singing, Composer, and Conductor),
12, WESTBOURNE PARK TERRACE, W.

Vocalists—Sopranos.

Madame VALLERIA
(Opera and Concerts),
BOSWORTH HOUSE, HUSBAND'S BOSWORTH,
RUGBY.

Miss DOROTHY DICKSON
(Concerts and Comic Opera),
c/o THE MUSICAL EXCHANGE,
26, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Miss KATE FLINN
(Concerts and Oratorios),
41, WELBECK STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

Mdlle. VELMI
(Opera and Concerts),
7, CHESILTON ROAD, MUNSTER PARK,
FULHAM, S.W.

Contralto.

Miss LENA LITTLE
(Concerts),
42, NORFOLK SQUARE, HYDE PARK, W.

Tenors.

Mr. BERNARD LANE,
60, WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS,
W.

Mr. EDWARD SCOVEL
(Opera and Oratorio),
2A, MANSFIELD STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

Mr. WILLIAM J. WINCH,
c/o Mr. N. VERT,
52, NEW BOND STREET, W.

Mr. IVER M'KAY,
c/o Mr. W. MARRIOTT,
295, OXFORD STREET, W.

Baritones.

Mr. ALBERT REAKES
(Bass-Baritone, of the "London Ballad Singers,"
Oratorios, Concerts, &c.),
86, WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS,
BAYSWATER.

Mr. JOSEPH LYNDE
(Oratorio, Opera and Concerts),
63, STAFFORD PLACE,
BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.

Pianoforte.

Mr. CHARLES A. TREW
(Professor of the Pianoforte, Organ, Harmony),
22, STONOR ROAD, WEST KENSINGTON.

Violin.

Mr. ALLAN CAMPBELL,
12 COLBY ROAD,
GIPSY HILL, S.E.

Trumpet.

Mr. THOMAS HARPER,
185, THE CRESCENT,
KING'S ROAD, N.W.

Recitals.

Mr. JOHN L. CHILD
(Dramatic and other Recitals, with or without Music.
Also Lessons in Elocution),
c/o MESSRS. CHAPPELL & CO.,
50, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE TRIBUNE.

A Great Success.

The APRIL Number (with ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *gratis*) contains: "Adventures in Persia," by Col. Stewart, C.B., Assistant-Commissioner with Sir Peter Lumsden; "The Viole d'Amour," by Professor Zoeller; Strange Hieroglyphical Facsimiles, illustrating Mr. Fisher's remarkable Article on "Astrology"; "Kissing Games;" "The Freedom of the Press, &c., &c."

NOW READY. POST FREE, 1½d.
Annual Subscription, 1/6.

OFFICES: 68—70, WARDOUR STREET, W.

"EDITION CHANOT" VIOLIN MUSIC.

Catalogues Post Free on Application.

Address: "EDITION CHANOT,"
116, OXFORD STREET,
73, BERNERS STREET
(Facing Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.), and
185, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.
Please address all communications, BERNERS STREET.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co.,

84, NEW BOND STREET,
AND
325, OXFORD STREET,

Pianoforte Show Rooms:—

7, WOODSTOCK STREET.

Latest and most Popular Songs, &c.

ADDISON, R. B.	Wandering wishes...	4 0
	Under the snow ..	4 0
BENNETT, G. J.	When stars are in the quiet skies ..	4 0
	A village maid ..	4 0
BERGER, F.	Only I and you ..	4 0
BETJEMANN, G. R.	Alone with thee ..	4 0
BOTTERILL, J.	Pack, clouds, away ..	4 0
BOYCE, E. M.	So she went drifting ..	4 0
CUMMINGS, W. H.	Out on the waters ..	4 0
ENGEL, LOUIS	Now was I wrong? ..	4 0
	(Sung by Madame Christine Nilsson.)	
FORD, ERNEST	To the Queen of my heart ..	4 0
HATZFELD, E.	Love that hath us in the net ..	4 0
KINGSTON, M. A.	Sweetheart, say? ..	4 0
KNOTT, T. B.	I arise from dreams of thee ..	4 0
LARA, ISIDORE DE	Some night ..	4 0
	They tell me, my darling ..	4 0
MACRONE, C. A.	Golden grain ..	4 0
MILLAR, ALICE	Somewhere or other ..	4 0
MOIR, F. L.	The promised land ..	4 0
TOURS, BERTHOLD	The little chair ..	4 0
WHITE, MAUDE V.	O were my love yon lilac fair ..	4 0
	Prayer for Mary ..	4 0
WAKEFIELD, Miss	Maytime in mid winter ..	4 0
WATSON, MICHAEL	Haunted ..	4 0
	Merry Miller ..	4 0

Published in Keys to suit all Voices.

SMALLWOOD'S PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

Price, in Paper Covers, 2s. 6d. net;
in Cloth Boards, 4s. net.

"It almost seems useless to commend this very valuable aid to the notice of our readers. Among Pianoforte Tutors none is better known or more widely appreciated. The fact that it has reached its 630th edition speaks for itself more eloquently than words. As the method adopted in its pages is the result of practical experience, we give it cordial commendation."—The Teachers' Aid.

FRANCIS BROTHERS & DAY,
195, OXFORD STREET, W.

Second Edition. New Ready. Royal 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE PSALTER & CANTICLES

Pointed for Chanting,

With Chants adapted thereto, or specially composed for this Work,
By Sir HERBERT OAKELEY.

(LL.D., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, &c.)

* * The Psalter has already been adopted at some of our great public schools as most conducive to congregational chanting.

"These two points (1) the copious introduction of unison on every page, and (2) absence of unnecessary and disturbing indications in reciting passages, are, perhaps, the most important features in the new Psalter. On the whole we consider the pointing superior to any we have seen. We have not space to point out many very original and ingenious modes of bringing out the full sense, or the poetical and symmetrical construction of certain psalms in this work, an important matter, to which the greatest care and attention has evidently been given. If the system and advice given in the prefaces are carefully attended to, a revolution in our chanting may take place."—*Musical Opinion*.

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21, Berners Street, W.

MUSIC AND SCHOOL.

A Monthly Magazine, treating of Music, Education, the Drama,
Art, Literature, and Sport and Pastimes.

Edited and Published by H. LAWRENCE HARRIS.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

NEW MUSIC.

"ON 'CHANGE" MARCH, in C. By CHARLES
HARRIS, M.A., Oxon. - - - - - 4/-

THE SILVER CHIMES POLKA By FRANK
BUTLER - - - - - 3/-

"HER SAILOR LAD" Prize Song. By FRANK LOVER 4/-

"ONE SUMMER DAY." Song. By FRANK LOVER 4/-
Copies of "On 'Change" March and "Silver Chimes" Polka, scored for full military bands,
can now be purchased or had on hire from

HARRIS & CO., Music Trade Protection Agency Offices,
2, BROAD STREET BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.
Wholesale City Agent: F. PITMAN, 20, Paternoster Row.

JOHN BELL & CO. (LIMITED)

SYNDICATES

FORMED DAILY FOR DEALING IN

STOCKS AND SHARES.

EXTRAORDINARY PROFITS.

Shares (with limited liability): Ordinary, £6 5s. each;
Special, £25.

63 & 64, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C.

PROSPECTUS POST FREE.

MUSIC STRINGS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. P. GUIVIER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

All kinds of Music Strings for all Musical
Instruments.

Sole Dépôt for Signor ANDREA RUFFINI'S (of Naples) Celebrated Strings for Soloists, manufac-
tured by him on a system invented by Mons. J. B. VUILLAUME, of Paris.

Sole Agent for CHARLES ALBERT'S (of Philadelphia, U.S.) new Patent Improved Chin Rest
also his improved String Gauge.

6, GOLDEN SQUARE, REGENT STREET, W.

Price Lists free on application.

All kinds of Strings covered in a superior manner on powerful machines made on the best principles
with all modern improvements.

ALFRED HAYS,

THEATRE AND CONCERT AGENT,

Music Publisher and Dealer in Musical Instruments.

Sole Agent in the United Kingdom and British Colonies for the Celebrated Wood
Wind Instruments manufactured by Evette & Schaeffer (late P. Goumas & Co.),
Buffet, Crampon & Co.

SOLE DÉPÔTS:

26, Old Bond Street, W., & 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PIANO.

Entirely New Construction throughout.

Including the Patent Sostenente Sounding Board. This Instrument is considered by the
best musical authorities to be unrivalled.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS, PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS, 18, 20, and
22, Wigmore Street, London, W. Descriptive Pamphlets and Priced Lists post free.

MR. ALFRED PUSEY-KEITH, Professor of the Pianoforte
Pupil of Dr. Hans von Bulow, can accept a few more PUPILS. For
Concerts, Lessons, &c., address—211, Regent Street, W.

A SERIES OF COMPOSITIONS FOR THE ORGAN.

By LEFEBURE-WELY.

	s.	d.
1.—Choristers' March.....	3	0
2.—Marche aux Flambeaux.....	2	0
3.—Roman March.....	3	0
4.—Grand Processional March.....	3	0
5.—Funeral March in C minor.....	3	0
6.—O Salutaris Hostia (Transcription).....	2	0
7.—Cantabile in A.....	2	0
8.—Chœur de Voix Humaines (Andante in F).....	2	0
9.—Andante in B flat.....	2	0
10.—Elevation in B flat.....	2	0
11.—Elevation in E.....	2	0
12.—Celebrated Capriccio in F (Transcription).....	3	0

Edited and Arranged by ALFRED WHITTINGHAM.

LONDON: EDWIN ASHDOWN, HANOVER SQUARE.

READY HIS DAY.

A Monthly Magazine of Music and Musical
Literature.

"MUSICAL SOCIETY."

Price, 4d.; by Post 5d.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, INCLUDING POSTAGE, FIVE SHILLINGS.

Of all Book and Music Sellers in the World.

PROSPECTUS AND TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS
(SPACE LIMITED) SENT POST FREE.

W. MORLEY & CO., PUBLISHERS, 127, REGENT STREET, W.

NEW MUSIC PRINTING PROCESS.

CHEAP AND EXPEDITIOUS.

Messrs. SPOTTISWOODE & CO. having acquired the valuable Patents and
Plants of the above, have made considerable improvements and additions,
rendering this method of Music Printing of great value to Music Publishers,
Composers, Organists, and Amateurs.

They are now prepared to give Estimates for every description of Musical
Compositions, Oratorios, Cantatas, Operas, Band Parts, Piano Solos, Songs,
Anthems, Choruses, Church Services, &c., &c.

SPECIMENS ON APPLICATION.

SPOTTISWOODE & CO.,

21, NEW STREET SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.



MAKERS AND REPAIRERS,

GEORGE WITHERS & CO.

(Late of Coventry Street),

WHOLESALE

IMPORTERS OF MUSICAL STRINGS

FROM ROME, PADUA, AND NAPLES.

A FINE COLLECTION OF ITALIAN INSTRUMENTS.

Bows, Cases, Music Stands, &c. See Price List.

51, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON.

AUDIENCES.

BY A PESSIMIST.

THE professional musician, before he has endured his existence many years has, as a rule, the love of hearing musical performances quenched within him through being compelled to listen all day and every day to the performances of his pupils. When, therefore, he goes to a concert it is pretty sure to be, either to hear some particularly interesting novelty, or else some new performer. During the remainder of the concert, his jaded brain, refusing to be stimulated by the music, seeks other sources of interest and can always find an unfailing one close at hand—in the audience. A profound dissertation on the natural history of audiences yet remains to be written, and I commend the fruitful theme to abler and more industrious pens than my own. But a few remarks on the subject present themselves spontaneously, and I have no fear of their proving unpalatable, inasmuch as no individual ever takes to him or herself strictures levelled against a general class. And this makes sermon-writing such delightful work.

When I am in St. James's Hall, I like to sit in one of the side stalls so as to have a good view, not of the performers, but of a full half of the audience. Then while my ears mechanically follow the music, my eyes and three-fourths of my brain occupy themselves with observations of my strange fellow-creatures; observations sometimes fantastic, sometimes commonplace—often, I fear, uncharitable, for such is human nature—but always amusing, for the proper study of mankind is man, as I think someone has remarked before; I fail to see why not woman also, especially at a concert, where the fair sex forms always the greater portion of the audience. And this is one of the most important points for consideration, when we theorize about audiences as a race. In a London evening concert of the first-class, whether orchestral, choral, or ballad, the proportion of women to men is about 3 to 1; in the provinces, where the fair sex for some inscrutable reason of Nature's, is in a greater preponderance, it is 5 to 1, or even 6 to 1. At the Crystal Palace the proportion is about 3 to 2, as, of course, not so many ladies go thither without escort. These are no fancy figures, but the result of considerable observation and close enumeration. In morning concerts it is obvious that the proportion of women to men must be far greater, few men being so completely idle as to justify their going to a concert in the day time. At charity concerts and pianoforte recitals especially, it is not uncommon in the provinces to find an audience consisting wholly of ladies, with the exception of the members of the press. I remember Rubinstein giving a recital in a large hall once, containing 1200 or 1300 people, and there were only four members of the male sex present. Three were printer's foremen (musical critics), and the fourth was myself. Now it will occur to the most superficial mind that the overwhelming majority of women in an audience must have a decided influence of some kind, and it is natural, therefore, to speculate upon the nature of this influence. The first point that will strike the observer is the feebleness of the applause. It is, of course, unladylike to get excited or to express any emotion in public, and when one delicate hand (with gloves at a tension of something like ten atmospheres) is occupied in holding a programme and a handkerchief, while the other grasps the opera glasses, the feeble patting together of all these articles does not produce a sound at all like that of hearty hand-clapping, even when indulged in by hundreds of ladies at a time. Thus the feeling of enthusiasm is largely lacking in most concerts. Further, it is evident that the feminine influence must make itself felt in the programmes. The pieces which will be most often performed and with the

greatest success, will be those which women like. I need hardly pause here to point out the fact that masculine and feminine tastes in music are widely different. Thus to female influence may be traced the sentimentality which is the curse of much modern music, as it is of nearly all modern fiction. Still, as I am not now writing against female influence in music, let me be just enough to point out that it is ladies chiefly who study music, female amateurs being to male as 4 to 1, or 80 per cent, of the music lovers (I am nothing if not statistical); and without amateurs, as a recent correspondent justly argues, where should we all be? No, let us make no invidious comparisons, but judge audiences as a whole, male and female alike.

The first thought of one watching an audience is naturally to find out from their faces what they think of a particular piece being played. But if the observer be an educated musician, he must remember the world of difference between himself and those less favoured. He hears a language which he can comprehend;—the ingenious working of a theme, its unexpected reappearance in a new guise, a graceful modulation, the artistic treatment of a subordinate figure;—all these things are art, and it is he alone who can grasp them. The uninitiated have only two things to lay hold of—diatonic rhythmical periods, or *tunes* in plain English, and the general emotional character of a piece. Harmonic devices and modulation are absolutely lost on the uncultivated ear; and of constructive art, despite all the analytical programmes, few have a glimmering. But music impresses an audience in various ways. Look now at this row of stalls. A young man and a young lady, two elderly ladies, an old gentleman, a governess and two girls of fourteen or so, and a gentleman with spectacles who has brought a full score of the symphony, which is of no manner of use to him. The young man is twisting his moustache and looking profoundly bored; the young lady is looking as she would in church, absolutely expressionless; no thought-reader could divine the nature of her emotions. The two elderly ladies are the same; indeed, it is an unceasing source of wonder to me how ladies will sit out public meetings or performances of any length and any nature—humorous, scientific, religious, musical—with this sphynx-like immobility of face. The old gentleman, ah! music soothes him as tobacco does, and he has unconsciously dropped the mask we all wear. Many people do this in listening, or thinking they are listening, to music. I can read his mind quite easily, and I am far from edified when I do read it. Whatever you may be in daily life, my friend, in your secret heart you are not a nice old man. Turn we to the next. Why has this governess tears in her eyes? She is elderly and severe-looking; not a sentimental, persecuted heroine who ends by marrying a baronet, but a certificated mass of learning from Newnham, who seems never to have been young or happy. Has she studied harmony and composition, and is she moved by the artistic beauty of the piece just finishing? Hardly that, I think, for it is the last movement of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, which few women can see the humour and cleverness of. It must be some unknown reminiscence which thus affects her. Look at her two pupils. One has a headache, and presses her fingers into her ears to keep out those dreadfully shrill trumpet notes. The other has never heard a symphony before, and in her eager interested face I read the soul of a musically-gifted child. But it will come to nothing; she will be ground in the usual educational mill, and emerge in the usual condition of mental indigestion. Had she been born poor she might have striven for and obtained one of the numerous scholarships now going begging, and possibly have done something in the world. Well, let us at least hope she will become a "gifted amateur." What about the gentleman with the score sitting next to her?

You see him at every classical concert, and he always brings the music—usually the full score, which he cannot read a bit. This, I fear, is unmitigated vanity; perhaps unconscious, but none the less vanity. But what an odd fancy it is which so many people have, of following the music with the notes! At the Crystal Palace and the "Pops" especially you will notice the young ladies with their Beethoven sonatas or symphonies (the latter usually as pianoforte duets, which would require you to read two pages at once) trying to follow the piece, as if to make sure that nothing is left out, yet certainly unable to detect any alteration, were such made.

(To be continued.)

ELIZABETHAN SONG-BOOKS.—II.

By A. H. BULLEN.

No musician of the Elizabethan age was more famous than John Dowland, whose "heavenly touch upon the lute" was commended in a well-known sonnet (long attributed to Shakespeare) by Richard Barnfield. Dowland was born in Westminster in 1562. At the age of twenty, or thereabouts, he started on his travels; and, after rambling through "the chiefest parts of France, a nation furnished with great variety of music," he bent his course "towards the famous provinces of Germany," where he found "both excellent masters and most honourable patrons of music." In the course of his travels he visited Venice, Padua, Genoa, Ferrara, and Florence, gaining applause everywhere by his musical skill. On his return to England he took his degree at Oxford, as bachelor of music, in 1588. In 1597 he published "The First Booke of Songes or Ayres of foure partes, with Tableture for the Lute." Prefixed is a dedicatory epistle to Sir George Carey (second Lord Hunsdon), in which the composer alludes gracefully to the kindness he had received from Lady Elizabeth Carey, the patroness of Spenser. A "Second Booke of Songs or Ayres" was published in 1600, when the composer was at the Danish court, serving as lutenist to King Christian the Fourth. The work was dedicated to the famous Countess of Bedford, whom Ben Jonson immortalized in a noble sonnet. From a curious address to the reader by George Eastland, the publisher, it would appear that in spite of Dowland's high reputation the sale of his works was not very profitable. "If the consideration of mine own estate," writes Eastland, "or the true worth of money, had prevailed with me above the desire of pleasing you and showing my love to my friends, these second labours of Master Dowland—whose very name is a large preface of commendation to the book—had for ever lain hid in darkness, or at the least frozen in a cold and foreign country." The expenses of publication were heavy, but he consoled himself with the thought that his high-spirited enterprise would be appreciated by a select audience. In 1603 appeared "The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires"; and, in 1612, when he was acting as lutenist to Lord Walden, Dowland issued his last work, "A Pilgrime's Solace." He is supposed to have died about 1615, leaving a son, Robert Dowland, who gained some fame as a composer.

Modern critics have judged that Dowland's music was somewhat overrated by his contemporaries, and that he is wanting in variety and originality. Whether these critics are right or wrong, it would be difficult to overrate the poetry. In attempting to select representative lyrics one is embarrassed by the wealth of material. The rich clusters of golden verse hang so temptingly that it is difficult to cease plucking when once we have begun. Here are some exquisite stanzas, describing a lover's feelings at seeing his lady weep:—

"I saw my lady weep,
And sorrow proud to be advanced so
In those fair eyes, where all perfections keep.

Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me!) as wins more hearts
Than mirth can do, with her enticing parts.

"Sorrow was there made fair,
And passion wise, tears a delightful thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

"O, fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve!
Enough, enough! your joyful look excels:
Tears kill the heart, believe!
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow."

Equally happy, in a lighter vein, are the verses that tell how blind Cupid received his sight:—

"Behold a wonder here!
Love hath received his sight:
Which many hundred year
Hath not beheld the light.

"Such beams infused be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made him see
And then have made him wise.

"Love now no more will weep
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

"So powerful is the Beauty
That Love doth now behold,
As Love is turned to Duty
That's neither blind nor bold.

"Thus Beauty shows her might
To be of double kind:
In giving Love his sight,
And striking Folly blind."

In "A Pilgrime's Solace" we meet the first stanza of Donne's "Break of Day." Dowland gives only two stanzas, and the second stanza is not found in Donne's poem. When he chose to divest himself of his pedantry and subtleties Donne could write with marvellous sweetness. The first stanza is delicious:—

"Sweet, stay awhile! why will you rise?
The light you see comes from your eyes:
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.
O stay! or else my joys must die
And perish in their infancy."

It has not been noticed that another copy of verses in "A Pilgrime's Solace," beginning "From silent night, true register of moans," is taken from a poem entitled "The Passion of a discontented Minde," 1602, which was probably written by Nicholas Breton. The lines are smoothly written, but they are not in Breton's best style. For quaint playfulness of fancy the following warning to heedless lovers must be allowed to carry off the palm:—

"What poor astronomers are they
Take woman's eyes for stars,
And set their thoughts in battle-ray
To fight such idle wars!
When in the end they shall approve,
'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.

"And love itself is but a jest,
Devised by idle heads
To catch young Fancies in the nest
And lay them in fools' beds,
That being hatch'd in Beauty's eyes
They may be fledged ere they be wise.

"But yet it is a sport to see
How Wit will run on wheels,
While Wit cannot persuaded be
With that which reason feels,
That woman's eyes and stars are odd,
And Love is but a feigned god.

"But such as will run mad with Will,
I cannot clear their sight,
But leave them to their study still
To look where is no light;
Till time too late we make them cry
They study false Astronomy."

I would fain continue my quotations, but it is time to cease. The reader who wants to make further acquaintance with these delightful lyrics will find them all reprinted in the fourth volume of Mr. Arber's "English Garner." Mr. W. J. Linton has included some of them in his excellent collection of "Rare Poems" (1883).

(To be continued.)

WITH LISZT.

From Miss FAY's *Music-Study in Germany*.

(Continued from page 198.)

Another evening I was there about twilight and Liszt sat at the piano looking through a new oratorio, which had just come out in Paris upon "Christus," the same subject that his own oratorio was on. He asked me to turn for him, and evidently was not interested, for he would skip whole pages and begin again, here and there. There was only a single lamp, and *that* rather a dim one, so that the room was all in shadow, and Liszt wore his Merlin-like aspect. I asked him to tell me how he produced a certain effect he makes in his arrangement of the ballad in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." He looked very *fin* as the French say, but did not reply. He never gives a direct answer to a direct question. "Ah," said I, "you won't tell." He smiled, and then immediately played the passage. It was a long arpeggio, and the effect he made was, as I had supposed, a pedal effect. He kept the pedal down throughout, and played the beginning of the passage in a grand *rolling* sort of manner, and then all the rest of it with a very pianissimo touch, and so lightly, that the continuity of the arpeggios was destroyed, and the notes seemed to be just *strewn* in, as if you broke a wreath of flowers and scattered them according to your fancy. It is a most striking and beautiful effect, and I told him I didn't see how he ever thought of it. "Oh, I've invented a great many things," said he indifferently—"this for instance"—and he began playing a double roll of octaves in chromatics in the bass of the piano. It was very grand, and made the room reverberate. "Magnificent," said I. "Did you ever hear me do a storm?" said he. "No." "Ah, you ought to hear me do a storm! Storms are my *forte*!" Then to himself between his teeth, while a weird look came into his eyes as if he could indeed rule the blast, "*Da Krachen die Bäume*" (Then *crash* the trees)!

How ardently I wished he would "play a storm," but of course he *didn't*, and he presently began to trifle over the keys in his *blasé* style. I suppose he couldn't quite work himself up to the effort, but that look and tone told how Liszt *would* do it. Alas, that we poor mortals here below should share so often the fate of Moses, and have only a glimpse of the Promised Land, and that without the consolation of being Moses! But perhaps, after all, the vision is better than the reality. We see the *whole land*, even if but at a distance, instead of being limited merely to the spot where our foot treads.

Once again I saw Liszt in a similar mood, though his expression was this time *comfortably* rather than *wildly* destructive. It was when Fräulein Remmert was playing his E flat concerto to him. There were two grand pianos in the room, and she was sitting at one, and he at the other, accompanying and interpolating as he felt disposed. Finally they came to a place where there were a series of passages beginning with both hands in the middle of the piano, and going in opposite directions to the ends of the keyboard, ending each time in a short, sharp chord. "*Alles zum Fenster hinauswerfen*" (pitch everything out of window), said he, in a cosy, easy sort of way, and he began playing these passages and giving every chord a whack as if he were splitting everything up and flinging it out, and that with such enjoyment, that you felt as if you'd like to bear a hand, too, in the work of general demolition! But I never shall forget his look as he so lazily proposed to "pitch everything out of the window." It reminded me of the expression of a big tabby-cat as it sits and purrs away, blinking its eyes and seemingly half asleep, when suddenly—!

out it strikes with both its claws, and woe be to whatever is within its reach! Perhaps, after all, the secret of Liszt's fascination is this power of intense and wild emotion that you feel he possesses, together with the most perfect control over it.

Liszt sometimes strikes wrong notes when he plays, but it does not trouble him in the least. On the contrary, he rather enjoys it. He reminds me of one of the cabinet ministers in Berlin, of whom it is said that he has an amazing talent for making blunders, but a still more amazing one for getting out of them and covering them up. Of Liszt the first part of this is not true, for if he strikes a wrong note it is simply because he chooses to be careless. But the last part of it applies to him eminently. It always amuses him instead of disconcerting him when he comes down squarely *wrong*, as it affords him an opportunity of displaying his ingenuity and giving things such a turn that the false note will appear simply a key leading to new and unexpected beauties. An accident of this kind happened to him in one of the Sunday *matinées*, when the room was full of distinguished people and of his pupils. He was rolling up the piano in arpeggios in a very grand manner indeed, when he struck a semi-tone short of the high note upon which he had intended to end. I caught my breath and wondered whether he was going to leave us like that, in mid-air, as it were, and the harmony unresolved, or whether he would be reduced to the humiliation of correcting himself like ordinary mortals, and taking the right chord. A half smile came over his face, as much as to say, "Don't fancy that *this* little thing disturbs me"—and he instantly went meandering down the piano in harmony with the false note he had struck, and then rolled deliberately up in a second grand sweep, *this* time striking true. I never saw a more delicious piece of cleverness. It was so quick-witted and so exactly characteristic of Liszt. Instead of giving you a chance to say, "He has made a mistake," he forced you to say, "He has shown how to get out of a mistake."

Another day I heard him pass from one piece into another by making the finale of the first one play the part of prelude to the second. So exquisitely were the two woven together that you could hardly tell where the one left off and the other began. Ah me! *Such* a facile grace! *Nobody* will ever equal him, with those rolling basses and those flowery trebles. And then his *Adagios*! When you hear him in one of *those*, you feel that his playing has got to that point when it is purified from all earthly dross and is an exhalation of the soul that mounts straight to heaven.

WEIMAR, August 8, 1873.

The other day we all made an excursion to Jena, which is about three hours' drive from here. We went in carriages in a long train, and pulled up at a hotel named "The Bear." There we took our second breakfast. There was to be a concert at five in a church, where some of Liszt's music was to be performed. After breakfast we went to the church, where Liszt met us, and the rehearsal took place. After the rehearsal we went to dinner. We had three long tables which Liszt arranged to suit himself, his own place being in the middle. He always manages every little detail with the greatest tact, and is very particular never to let two ladies or two gentlemen sit together, but always alternately a lady and a gentleman. "*Immer eine bunte Reihe machen* (Always have a little variety)," said he. The dinner was a very entertaining one to me, because I could converse with Liszt and hear all he said, as he was nearly opposite me. I was in very high spirits that day, and as Kellerman, Bendix, and Urspruch were all near me, too, we had endless fun. We had new potatoes for dinner, boiled with their skins on, and Liszt threw one at me, and I caught it. There was another young artist there from Brussels named Gurickx, whom I didn't know, because he spoke only French, and as I do not speak it, we had never exchanged words in the class. I wasn't paying any attention to him, therefore, when suddenly my left-hand neighbour touched my arm. I looked round and he handed me a flower made of bread "from Monsieur Gurickx." I wish you could have seen it! It had the effect of a tube rose. Every little leaf and petal was as delicately turned as if nature herself had done it. The bread was fresh, and Gurickx had worked it between his fingers to the consistency of clay, and then modelled these little flowers which he stuck on to a stem. It was so artistically done, and it was such a dainty little thing to do, that I saw at once that he was interesting, and that he possessed that marvellous French taste.

Since then we have become very good friends, and he is teaching me to speak French. He plays beautifully, and was trained in the famous Brussels conservatory, of which Dupont is the head. Servais also got his musical education there. They both advise me to go there for a year, as Dupont is a very great master indeed, and Brussels is the very home and centre of art and taste of every description—a "little Paris"—but more earnest, more German. Gurickx went through the art school in Brussels as well as the conservatory, so that he paints as well as plays, and he had quite a struggle with himself to decide to which art he should devote himself. His style is the grandiose and fiery. Rubinstein is his model, and he plays Liszt's Rhapsodies as I never heard any one else. He brings out all their power, brilliancy, and careering wildness, and makes the greatest sensation of them. Such tremendous sweeping chords! Liszt himself doesn't play the chords as well as Gurickx—perhaps because he does not care now to exert the strength.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

PRINCIPLES OF SINGING.*

Some years ago Signor Bach published a treatise, bearing the somewhat ambitious title "Musical Education and Vocal Culture," in which many valuable hints were given to teachers of singing as well as to students. The present work is of a more distinctly practical nature, and contains in short epitome a good deal of information concerning the science of acoustics, and the physiology of the voice. Each section is introduced by a number of "historical remarks," which might have been dispensed with to make room for more details bearing directly on the subject of singing. Perhaps the most valuable division of the book is that which treats of the voices of children. The author has examined numbers of children, both on the continent and in Edinburgh, where his labours as a teacher of singing have been carried on with great success for some time, and have resulted in the formation of excellent practical rules for the early cultivation of children's voices. The usual style of class-singing is criticized with an unsparing hand, and teachers are recommended to "individualize" their pupils more than is at present done, so that each voice may receive that culture which it may happen to need, and the practice of general shouting in chorus may be discarded. We cannot but think that the book would be still more valuable if its practical portions were amplified, and the scientific and historical sections either omitted or replaced by references to the books from which they are derived. Now that a second English edition of Helmholtz's *opus magnum* has appeared, there is the less need for attempting to condense his discoveries into a popular instruction-book. The singing exercises, which occupy the latter half of Signor Bach's book, are extremely good and compendiously selected, and the ingenious little arrangement at the end will give to students a good idea of the sequence of upper partial tones, or "harmonics," though a knowledge of them is hardly a necessary part of the "principles of singing."

THE FAUST LEGEND.†

Whoever thinks it is an easy thing to create a dramatic plot forcible and suggestive enough to stimulate the imaginations of successive generations of poets, painters, and musicians, will do well to survey the stage literature of any age or any country, and count how many achievements of the kind are to be found therein. The list would be a very short one, and would consist for the most part not of happy inspirations of the moment, but of works that have grown slowly, and to the elaboration of which many minds have contributed. The *Faust* drama took hundreds of years to construct. It was passed on from mind to mind, from century to century, till in due time it reached the master poet who, associating with the central idea a tale of stirring human interest, invested the legend with a profounder significance, and gave to the world one of its

grandest poems. An able and interesting contribution to the literature of the "Faust Legend" has lately been furnished in a pamphlet bearing that title, by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who, in the graceful and genial manner with which the readers of *The Musical World* are familiar, traces the origin and development of the legend to its pristine sources. The book is not a mere gathering together of more or less familiar facts and anecdotes, but, on the contrary, owes much of its interest to the author's independent research. Readers who have already some acquaintance with the subject, and who have been accustomed to regard Spiess's "Faustus" as the earliest printed version of the story, will attach especial value to the portion of Mr. Edwards's book, in which the enquiry is pushed further back, and a possible origin of the legend traced to a living Faustus in the first century. "This discovery—as it was to me—arose," says the author, "from a search made in Moroni's 'Dizionario Ecclesiastico' for information about Faust and about Mephistopheles." From internal evidence supplied in this book Mr. Edwards shows that in certain writings attributed to St. Clement, and regarded as authentic by his contemporaries and immediate successors, a personage named Faustus figures in company with Simon Magus, beneath whose magical influence he has fallen. This carries back the story of Faustus in its simplest form to the first century, and makes Simon Magus the original Mephistopheles. From this Mr. Edwards proceeds to later developments of the Faust legend, and traces its gradual transformation from Spiess to Goethe. For the various versions of the fatal compact, for the answer to the question "Whence comes Mephistopheles?" for an account of the loves of Faustus and Helen, and of other matters amorous or diabolical, the reader may be referred to the pages of the book itself, with an assurance that he will make the journey in pleasant company (as far as its author is concerned), and that his studies will be enlivened by much entertaining talk on the way. We need not add that the operatic and other musical treatment of the subject are amply and sympathetically dealt with, and that the various *prime donne* who have embodied the frail but amiable Gretchen receive their ample meed of praise.

RECENT MUSIC.

A Sonata in D minor for the organ (Novello & Co.) is the latest work published by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, from whose pen any new production has a claim to an attentive hearing. For some reason or other the organ sonata is a form which has scarcely received its deserts at the hands of composers. The six fine works of Mendelssohn, several beautiful compositions by Merkel and Rheinberger, and a remarkable "Symphony" by M. Widor, are the most prominent instances of the form. Mr. Lloyd's first movement is well laid out and built on excellently contrasted subjects, the second is extremely melodious and interesting throughout its short length, and the finale, couched in minuet form with the two trios that have now become orthodox, makes a bright conclusion to the work. Hints for "registration" are given, but the composer expressly disclaims any authority for them. The last movement will be found most effective when there are a variety of solo stops to be shown off, but on any decent organ the work must be interesting, and perhaps not the less so because the chorale element, heretofore all too prevalent in efforts of the kind, has been dispensed with altogether.

"Marche Triomphale," a pianoforte duet by Mr. Osborne Williams (Hopkinson & Co.), is chiefly remarkable for the curious succession of keys presented in its course. There is extant a work of Sebastian Bach's, entitled "Das kleine harmonische Labyrinth," in which a variety of tonalities is presented in bewildering sequence, and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Osborne Williams has been led to attempt an imitation of this antique jest. The two players, who guilelessly start off in C major, soon find themselves transported through one, two, and three flats to the key of G flat major, with almost the greatest possible number of flats in the signature; after which the exit from the harmonic labyrinth is performed in the same way. For the rest, the duet is difficult, but not by any means ineffective.

A Polka and a Waltz, by "Wilhelm Meister" (1), are sent by the same publishers. Both show that the composer is still in that section of Goethe's work which is called "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," but there is some promise in both pieces, and a feeling for dance-melody.

* Principles of Singing: a Practical Guide for Vocalists and Teachers. By Albert B. Bach. (Blackwood & Sons.)

† The Faust Legend: its Origin and Development. By H. Sutherland Edwards. (Remington & Co.)

Messrs. Hopkinson send a batch of songs, of which "The Voice of Love," written and composed by Alice Grey, is by far the best. It shows spontaneity and some power of passionate expression, and is exceedingly effective. "In Gloria," by Dr. Charles Vincent is a purely sacred song, set simply, but with the usual exaggeration of effect at the close. Mr. Louis Diehl's "Good Day, Sir!" starts very well, as a serio-comic song should do, but is spoilt by the silly waltz-tune with which every verse ends. The same composer's "White Heather" is far better, and is free from clap-trap sentiment. Mr. Odoardo Barri's "Little King" conforms to very familiar types. The idea is a pretty one, but is not improved by the identity of the last line of the tune with that of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," or by the tiresome but inevitable removal of "The Little King" to a brighter sphere, with an accompaniment of that pertinacious "celestial triplet" to which our readers' attention was drawn last week. "Fatherland," by Mr. Osborne Williams, is a very effective song of the bravura type, now so rarely seen in new compositions of the ballad order. It is by no means easy, but will repay study by those who are qualified to undertake it.

Three songs are sent by Messrs. Cramer & Co. The first, "On the tramp," by Odoardo Barri, is a very effective bass song of the "Vagabond" style, obviously written for Signor Foli. "Gwendoline," by Henry Parker, should be appreciated in circles where the harp is still in vogue. A well-written obligato for that instrument is by no means the only merit of the song. Of the third effusion, "Army and Navy," by J. Stuart Crook, we have nothing to say, except to recommend the composer to study the rudiments of music before again essaying publication. But as the tune and the words are all that are noticed in a patriotic song, and as they are both fairly good, the defect of the accompaniment will probably not seriously imperil the popularity of "Army and Navy."

The same publishers send several pieces of dance music. "Merry Bells," a polka by Dan Godfrey, will keep up the composer's reputation. "Adelaide," a waltz by Enos Andrew, is pretty and well-sustained throughout, not depending, as so many waltzes do, upon one taking tune. "Loving Evermore," a waltz built on the refrain of a song of the same name, scarcely calls for criticism, but those who admire the song will doubtless enjoy it in its new form. Two polkas, with attractive title-pages, are "Mitternacht," by Willem Mach, and "Au Voleur," by Maurice Fréval; the first has a capital tune at the beginning, but the *trio* is scarcely worthy of its place, while the second is better in the *trio* than anywhere else.

A cleverly written Scherzo in A minor for violin and piano by Frank Trewer is sent by Messrs. Salter & Son. It is effectively written for both instruments, and not hard for either.

Occasional Notes.

The papers are singularly unanimous in their judgment of Mr. Frederic Lamond, the young Scotch pianist, an account of whose recitals will be found in another column. With one or two exceptions they opine that he was best in Brahms and worst in Chopin, and one critic at least gives an explanation of the phenomenon. "Brahms," this sage remarks, "is the most objective, Chopin the most subjective, of modern composers. What the former says, and how he says it, can be comprehended by dint of study. It is, on the other hand, quite impossible for a young man scarcely emerged from boyhood to realize the phase of sentiment embodied in every one of Chopin's works;" the which, interpreted, we take to mean that Mr. Lamond, in the first instance, should fall violently, hopelessly, and desperately in love; that, like the artist in Berlioz's *Fantastic symphony*, he should take an overdose of opium and witness his own procession to the scaffold; and that, after having gone through these pleasant experiences, he should return to Chopin and see what his music is like. Mr. Lamond, being a canny Scot, will perhaps "prefer to remain as he is," as a famous conductor used to say when a cold bath was offered to him with the thermometer at five degrees above zero.

A "comité des hommages populaires patriotiques," established at Milan, solicits subscriptions, in three languages, for an album of condolence to be presented to the family of the late Amilcare Ponchielli. Each subscriber of one franc will receive in return a portrait of Ponchielli, "en grand format sur papier prince."

Two intending competitors for our Prize Song—a task on which, to judge from the number of letters and specimens which we have received, at least half the able-bodied population of Great Britain and Ireland must be engaged, have asked us some pertinent questions, which we proceed to answer in the order of their occurrence. Query No. 1:—"What will become of the MS. songs which do not get the prize?" It seems to me that if you do not open the envelopes containing the names and addresses of the composers, you will not be able to return the MS. Perhaps you mean to destroy them?" Answer.—Certainly not. The MS. of the unsuccessful songs, and the unopened letters, containing the names, will be preserved, to be called for or returned in a stamped envelope, sent for that purpose. Query No. 2:—"May one competitor send more than one song?" Answer:—He may. Query 3:—"Will it be allowable to choose sacred words, say from the Psalms?" Answer:—The words may be sacred or profane, as long as they are good.

A curious legal question will shortly come before the French tribunals in connection with the copyright of Berlioz's opera *Benvenuto Cellini*. It appears that soon after the work was produced at Weimar, under Liszt, the pianoforte score, with German words by Cornelius, was published by Litolf, of Brunswick. There being no sale for the work, the plates were broken up, and the opera remained practically unpublished. In 1864 Berlioz sold his copyright to M. Choudens, in Paris, and it is against this re-publication, with French words, which has since become very valuable, that the German publishers assert their prior claim. Richard Pohl, the well-known critic, and one of the warmest friends of Berlioz, writes a letter to the German papers strongly in favour of the French firm. He declares that Litolf paid, in the first instance, nothing for the copyright, Cornelius giving his words, and Berlioz being only too happy to have his music printed at all. Having paid nothing and done nothing for the work he argues that Messrs. Litolf should have nothing.

The marriage of Mlle. Jeanne Gounod, the daughter of the composer, with the Baron de Lassus took place at noon on Thursday last week, in the church of St. François de Salès. Before the Mass Gounod's Pontifical March was executed, all the music of the Mass being selected from his compositions, and the soli being sung by Madame Fuchs. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says the ceremony was marred by a very unpleasant incident. It appears that M. Gounod had, unknown to the choirmaster, M. Audan, asked M. Talazac and M. Boussagol to sing in the Mass. When they arrived, M. Audan refused to admit them within the choir, on the plea that he had already asked Madame Fuchs to sing. An altercation took place, during which M. Gounod's son came up, and declared that his father had invited M. Talazac and M. Boussagol to sing. His remonstrances, however, were of no avail. M. Audan held his ground, and at length an unseemly scuffle occurred, young M. Gounod being pushed aside by the beadle, while M. Talazac, who had also been roughly treated, broke in the door. The whole congregation rose to their feet in great excitement, and one of the officials abused the Gounods in no measured language. The police were obliged to intervene, and M. Talazac and young M. Gounod quitted the church in a state of justifiable indignation.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1886,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Sonata for Violoncello and Pianoforte (first time), Piatti, Signor Piatti and Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Song, "The Wanderer" (Schubert), Mr. Frederick King; Variations on a Theme of R. Schumann, Op. 20 'Clara Schumann), Sketch, Op. 58, No. 1, and Novellette in F major, Op. 21, No. 1 (Robert Schumann), Madame Schumann.

PART II.—Sonata in A minor, Op. 105, for Pianoforte and Violin (Schumann), Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim; Song, "Farewell" (Edward Bache), Mr. Frederick King; Quartet in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Beethoven), MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Programme

FOR
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 3, 1886,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Quintet in C major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello (Beethoven), MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, A. Gibson, and Piatti; Recit. and Air, from *Siroë* (Handel), Mr. Henschel; Clavierstücke, Nos. 1, 2, 6, 5, Op. 76, for Pianoforte alone (Brahms), Mr. Max Pauer; Adagio and Presto, from Duet in D minor, Op. 39, for two Violins (Spohr); MM. Joachim and Straus; Songs, "Es blinkt der Thau," "Gelb rollt mir zu Füssen" (Rubinstein), Mr. Henschel; Quartet in E flat, Op. 38, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (Rheinberger), MM. Max Pauer, Joachim, Straus, and Piatti.—Accompanist, Mr. Frantzen.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, APRIL 3, at 3.
Solo Vocalists, Mdle. Oselio and Mr. Ernest Birch. Solo Violin, Pan Franz Ondricek. Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Programme will include Overture, "Anacréon" (*Cherubini*); Violin Concerto (*Mendelssohn*); Symphony, No. 1 in C (*Brahms*); Solo for Violin, "Le Streghe" (*Paganini*); and Scotch Rhapsody No. 1 in C (*Mackenzie*). Seats 2/6, 1/-, and 6d.

ST. ELIZABETH (Hommage à Liszt).—The Abbé LISZT'S ORATORIO or MUSIC to the Legend of "St. Elizabeth" will be PERFORMED at the LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC'S ANNUAL SPRING CONCERT, in ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, April 7. Complete orchestra and chorus. Conductor—Professor Wyld, Mus. D. Principal violin, Herr Pollitzer. Principal vocalists: S. Elizabeth, Miss M. Macintyre; Sophia, Miss Rose Moss; Hermann, Mr. Lister; and Landgrave Ludwig, Mr. Albert Reakes. On the same occasion will be performed Dr. LISZT'S Concerto in E flat. Pianist, Miss Florence Henderson (gold medalist). C. TREW, Hon. Sec.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Instituted 1822. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830. Under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN and the Royal Family. Principal—Professor Sir G. A. MACFARREN.

The NEXT STUDENTS' ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, on FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, at 2.30. Conductor, Mr. William Shakespeare. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony or Area, 2s. 6d. Admission, One Shilling. JOHN GILL, Secretary. Royal Academy of Music, 4 and 5, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

LONDON CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—PORCHESTER SQUARE, HYDE PARK, W. BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND DISTRICTS BRANCH.—COLMORE HOUSE, COLMORE ROW.

The New Building and Resident Departments unsurpassed for Appointments, Cuisine, and Facilities for Advancement. Fees, 18 Guineas per Term inclusive. Concerts, Choir, and Orchestral Performances weekly. Scholarships for talent. Application Form and Prospectus by addressed Envelope.—SECRETARY. LANSDOWNE COTTELL, Director.

HARLEY ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126, Harley Street, W. (Established 1879.) Director—Mr. GANZ.

The new Term commenced JANUARY 21. Prospectuses with complete list of Professors may be had of Mr. GANZ, who teaches the advanced Pianoforte pupils. Signor Adelmann is the principal Professor for singing.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. THE SUMMER SERIES OF NINE RICHTER CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAY, MAY 3, 1886.	MONDAY, MAY 31, 1886.
MONDAY, MAY 10, "	MONDAY, JUNE 7, "
MONDAY, MAY 17, "	THURSDAY, JUNE 10, "
MONDAY, MAY 24, "	MONDAY, JUNE 21, "
MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1886.	

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE NINE CONCERTS:

Sofa Stalls, £5. Stalls or Balcony Stalls, £3 10 0

SINGLE TICKETS:

Sofa Stalls, 15/- Stalls or Balcony Stalls, 10/6. Balcony (Unreserved), 5/-
Area or Gallery, 2/5.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SENIOR SARASATE'S FIVE GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1886.	SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.
SATURDAY, MAY 1, "	SATURDAY, MAY 22, "
SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.	

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Sofa Stalls, 10/6. Reserved Area, 5/- Balcony, 3/-
Area, 2/- Gallery, 1/-

Tickets for any of the above Concerts may be obtained of—
Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.;
Messrs. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBB & Co., 84, New Bond Street;
Mr. MITCHELL, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street;
Mr. OLLIVIER, 38, Old Bond Street;
Messrs. LACON & OLLIER, 168, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.;
Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE & Co., 41, Cheapside, E.C.; at the Grand Hotel; and at the Langham Hotel;
Mr. ALFRED HAYS, 26, Old Bond Street, and 5, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.
Mr. M. BARR, 20, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion House Station
Mr. AUSTIN'S Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MANAGER, MR. N. VERT, 52, NEW BOND STREET, W.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Proprietors of *The Musical World* offer a

PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

for the best Song, to English words, and by a composer resident in England. MSS. should be sent in on or before May 1, 1886, and should bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope, containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letter of the successful competitor will be opened. The judges will be three musicians of reputation whose names will be announced in due course. The song selected will be published as a supplement to *The Musical World*. For full particulars see *The Musical World* of Feb. 6.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisements should be sent not later than 5 o'clock on Wednesdays, to the Office, at Messrs. MALLETT & Co.'s, 68 & 70 Wardour Street, London, W. (temporary premises during rebuilding, at No. 58.) Telephone No. 3849. Telegraphic address: "ASMAIL," London.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—*The Subscription to THE MUSICAL WORLD is now reduced to 17s. 6d. per annum (payable in advance).*

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE LARGE DEMAND FOR THE

PORTRAIT

OF

FRANZ LISZT,

WITH FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURE

IT IS RE-PUBLISHED WITH THE PRESENT NUMBER.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886.

LISZT'S VISITS TO ENGLAND.

At the present moment, when our musical life is stirred in all its depths by Liszt's arrival in London, it will be well to cast a retrospective glance at his previous visits to this country. The first of these was made as long ago as 1824, when the boy, at that time in his 13th year, arrived in this country in May, and gave his first public concert in London on June 21. Fräulein Ramann, the faithful chronicler of his early years, gives a brief description of the enthusiasm he excited, and of the vast audience assembled at his first recital, and including such celebrities as Clementi, Ries, Cramer, Kalkbrenner, and Cipriani Potter. She further relates that "Sir Smart" being asked by the public to give a theme "on which Master Liszt could work," called out, "Zitti, Zitti," from *Il Barbiere*, whereupon Liszt, without a moment's hesitation, dashed into a tremendous improvisation, winding up with a fugue. Success so brilliant and so lucrative could naturally not be left unexploited by Liszt's father, who, accordingly returned with his son in the spring of the next-following year. The incidents of the visit included a second performance at Windsor before George the Fourth, who soon afterwards honoured the young virtuoso by his presence at a concert in Drury Lane Theatre. Liszt also made a provincial tour, and Fräulein Ramann gives the programme of a concert at Manchester which, on account of its old-world look, deserves a reproduction in full.

SECOND GRAND CONCERT.

THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Monday, June 20, 1825.

A NEW GRAND OVERTURE

Composed by the Celebrated

Master LISZT.

Will be performed (for the First Time in Public) by the Full Orchestra.

MASTER BANKS,

(Only Nine Years old), Pupil of Messrs. Ward and Andrews, Having received the most decided Marks of Approbation at the First Concert, on Thursday Evening last, will have the honour of LEADING, on the VIOLIN, the favourite Overture to Tancredi, composed by Rossini.

Mr. BROADHURST will (by particular desire) sing

"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO!"

And several of his most Popular Ballads.

AIR, with Grand Variations by Herz, will be performed on the Grand Piano Forte by

MASTER LISZT,

Who will likewise perform an EXTEMPORE FANTASIA, and respectfully request *Two Written Themes* from any the Audience, upon which he will play his Variations.

Glee, "*Hark the Curfew's Solemn Sound*," accompanied on the Harp by Mr. T. HORABIN.

The admired Hunting Chorus from *Der Freischutz*,
With the Orchestral Accompaniments.

A GRAND QUINTETTE, composed by *Ries*, will be performed by Master LISZT, and Messrs. Cudmore, E. Sudlow, Sudlow and Hill.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

MASTER LISZT, (only Twelve Years of age), allowed to be the greatest Pianoforte Player of the present day.

Miss SYMONDS, (from the Nobility's Concert.)

MASTER BANKS, (only Nine Years old), Pupil of Messrs. Ward and Andrews.

Mr. BROADHURST.

Messrs. ROYLANCE, BENNETT, & ISHERWOOD.

LEADER Mr. CUDMORE.

PRINCIPAL SECOND VIOLIN . . . Mr. A. WARD.

Mr. R. ANDREWS will preside at the GRAND PIANO FORTE.

The Orchestra will be numerous and complete.

Tickets and Places may be had of Mr. ELAND, at the Box Office, on Saturday and Monday next, from Eleven to Two o'Clock each day.

The Doors to be opened at SIX o'Clock, and the Performance to commence precisely at SEVEN.

Boxes, 5 s. — Upper Boxes, 4 s. — Pit, 3 s. — Gallery, 2 s.

Bills, containing the words, will be given at the Doors of the Theatre, on the Evening of Performance.

What has become of the "New Grand Overture," and what of "Master Banks?"

An interval of two years elapsed between this and Liszt's next visit to this country. He arrived in London about the end of May, 1827, and, at a concert given on June 9, played an A minor Concerto of his own composition, which, according to Moscheles contains "chaotic beauties," and was executed in a

manner "surpassing anything I have heard in power and over-coming of difficulties." Of this as of many of Liszt's earlier works not a trace now remains, and the composer had forgotten its very existence when reminded of it by his industrious biographer.

Unfortunately that biographer concludes her labour, as far as published at present, with the year 1839, and therefore does not mention Liszt's next English tour, which took place in 1840. As to this the diary of Moscheles supplies some interesting particulars. He writes: "A new fashion has sprung up since Liszt is in London. Our concert-giving pianists put their own names in the programme in letters of moderate size, while they print that of 'the celebrated pianist Liszt' in letters a yard long, and as red as Samiel in *Der Freischütz*. Benedict has him at his concert and so have Mrs. Anderson and Döhler, and those who have him not, put the big red name all the same, and underneath, in the minutest type, the words 'with whom an engagement is pending.'" At a Philharmonic Concert Liszt played three *Études*, by Moscheles, "with excellent and irreproachable technique, but his genius has transformed these pieces entirely, and they have become his *Études* rather than mine. At the same time, they please me, and I should not like him to play them differently." His chief piece on the same occasion was Weber's Concertstück.

He also gave three recitals at the Hanover Square Rooms, at one of which he played a so-called "Hexameron," being a set of variations on "Suoni la tromba," from *I Puritani*, by six eminent composers of the day, viz., himself, Pixis, Chopin, Herz, Czerny, and Thalberg.

His fifth and last visit took place in 1841, when again he was the lion of the London season. His provincial tour was, however, not a success, and Lavenu, the impresario, lost money over it; whereat Liszt, as we mentioned before, repaid him every penny of the honorarium already received. "He told me so," Moscheles relates, "with a smile, calling Lavenu a *pauvre diable*." On another occasion he made the following *bon mot* admirably illustrative of the old and the new style in pianoforte playing:—"J'ai joué un duo avec Cramer, j'étais le Champignon empoisonné, et j'avais à côté de moi mon antidote de lait." The milk of the style of Cramer and other old-fashioned gentlemen has long run sour in this country, owing largely to Liszt's overpowering influence. For, although absent in the body, his spirit has been with us. No official reticence, no frantic clamour of the conservative party, have been able to shut our doors against him, and on returning to England after forty-five years, Liszt in a certain sense comes to his own again.

"Musical World" Stories.

A VILLAGE CONTEST.

BY IVAN TURGENEFF.

(Continued from page 203.)

On Nicolai Ivanytch's fat face was a flush that took twenty years off his age, and made him look like a young fellow. Iachka was shouting like a madman: "Molodyets! Molodyets!" and even

my neighbour, the tattered moujik, unable to restrain himself, thumped his fist upon the table and exclaimed, "Ah gha! Ah gha! That's good! Devil take it, but that's good!" Then he spat resolutely against the wall-panel, some three paces off.*

"You have given us a treat, brother!" cried Obaldoui, without releasing the artist, whom he still clutched in his embrace. "You have won, brother! I congratulate you beforehand. The gallon of beer is yours. Iachka can't compete; I tell you he can't. Take my word for it, he will look like a fool;" and thereupon he hugged the singer still more energetically to his breast.

"Leave him alone; let him go, can't you, you bothering old woman!" exclaimed Margatch, excitedly. "Let him get back comfortably to his seat. You see he is worried and ready to drop. What a nuisance you are, upon my word. A fuss maker. You're as hard to get rid of as a bath leaf,† or a thirsty fly."

"Very well then, let him go and sit down and I will take a drop to his good health," replied Obaldoui, approaching the bar. "You stand this, eh brother?" he added, addressing the contractor.

The contractor nodded assent. Then he went back to his seat on the bench, drew from his cap a great handkerchief, and wiped his face with it.

Obaldoui gulped down eagerly, not a drop but a glass, a tumbler full of vodka; and like a professional drunkard smacked his lips and assumed a foggy air of impatience, restrained by deliberation.

"You sing well, brother! Yes, I say *well*," said Nicolai Ivanytch, like one who weighs his words. "Now then, Iachka, it is your turn. Be careful, do not give way but keep a stout heart. We will see, we will decide. You have heard, you have yourself admitted that the contractor sings well, really well, upon my word!"

"He sings *very* ‡ well, *very* well," added Mrs. Nicolai.

"Well! Gha, ah, gha!" murmured my neighbour the moujik, under his breath.

"Ah, here's a crooked§ Polayka," cried Obaldoui; and going up to the countryman, gave a grotesque leap, and burst into a loud guffaw. "Polayka! polayka gha, baday—the twister! Come, crooked one, tell us where have you dropped from?" he said, addressing the poor fellow between the hiccups of mad laughter that had seized upon him.

The unhappy moujik grew most uncomfortable. He was about to rise and make his escape as soon as possible when suddenly on his behalf the brazen voice of Diki Barin interposed.

"How now! What is this brute that will leave nobody in peace?" he thundered, grinding his teeth.

"I—I—I am doing nothing," stammered Obaldoui. "Why should I worry the man? I was only—"

"Silence! And do you, Iachka, sing!"

Iachka passed his hand over his throat and said a few incoherent words, betraying much uneasiness and great timidity.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of, except letting us think you are afraid. Let us have no more beating about the bush. Sing, and sing as well as God will enable you!" said the Wild Gentleman, in the attitude of one who expects instant obedience to his commands.

Iachka drew a long breath in silence, looked around, and covered the upper part of his face with his left hand. The eyes of all the company were fixed hungrily upon him, and more particularly the contractor's. This latter betrayed in his expression, in spite of his natural assurance augmented by his recent triumph, a vague uneasiness, the reason for which I could not gather, seeing the faintheartedness of his opponent. He leant his back against the wall and restored his hands to their old position—flat beneath his thighs—but he remained motionless. When at length Iachka uncovered his face, the poor young man was as pale as death. His eyes were hardly visible under the drooping lashes.

* It is incredible how many occasions the Russian lower orders find for spitting. Enthusiasm, admiration, fear, joy, contempt, are all indicated by it. It is the result of an old deep-rooted superstition—he who spits casts out of himself the devil, who is always ready to profit by a poor man's unguarded moments to slip down his throat.

† Little bundles of twigs with the leaves on are used as whips to excite perspiration, in the Russian bath. Sometimes leaf comes off and adheres very tenaciously to the bather's skin.

‡ Many Russian peasants habitually substitute *l* for *r* in the middle of a word. § A crooked Polayka, *i.e.*, one of the inhabitants of the forest borderland who have a name among the peasants for a suspicious and sly disposition. "Gha" and "baday" are unmeaning exclamations commonly used by these people.

The singer sighed, took breath, and uttered a sound. The first note promised little. It was weak, uneven, and, I thought, did not come from the chest. It seemed to have sprung from some farther point—brought, as it were, from outside, and cast by chance into that room—amid the listening audience. It produced a strange effect upon each one of us, this sound broken by a slight tremble. We looked at one another. But Nicolai Ivanytch's wife made a sudden movement, which was, I suppose, only her way of preparing to lose nothing of the second part of the concert. As for me, I felt as she did.

After the utterance of this first broken sound, a second was heard, steadier and more prolonged. It was still tremulous, like the vibration of a musical string, when struck by a strong finger, it resounds and gives a softer after-thrill which becomes fainter, seems to grow weaker and more distant, and at last dies. A third sound arose, clearer, fuller, and more sustained. Then the singer grew animated, and warmed to his song: the tune expanded and became defined. It was eminently melancholy, and began thus:—

"There is many a path leading down to the meadow."

We all breathed freely once more. Contentment was on every face. The grace and delicacy of the tones, the finish of the modulations left nothing to be desired. I had seldom listened to a voice of such exquisite freshness. There was, indeed, something timid and even broken about it—a weakly tone that troubled it at first; but what was soon discoverable in it, beyond the possibility of mistake, was a depth of feeling, a true passionateness, in which youth, strength, sweetness, and a charming freedom seemed to combine and harmonize with poignant sorrow. The Russian nature, with its ingenious warmth and kindness, breathed and sounded in this voice that went straight to one's heart, stirring all the chords of feeling that are awakened by the national melancholy.

The melody swelled, ascended, till in its copiousness it overflowed. Clearly his drink and inspiration had taken possession of Iachka. No trace of his timidity was left in him; he had yielded up his whole self to the delight of song. His voice no longer trembled in spite of himself. It vibrated, no doubt, but with that pleasant sympathetic tremor that passion puts into the soul and communicates to a whole audience. And this master-voice ceased not to grow in strength, accuracy, and volume.

Under the influence of the song my recollection evoked a whole scene of the past. I remembered how one evening at ebb-tide, on the broad sands of a retiring sea that growled and threatened from afar, seeming to say, "To-morrow I shall return, beware;" I saw an enormous white sea-gull, which stood motionless on the undulating shore. Turning its silky breast to the purple gleams of the sunset, and from time to time half expanding its long wings, it stood coquetting with its two greatest friends, now simultaneously retreating, the distant sun and the deep sea. . . . I remembered the action of this beautiful bird as I listened to Iachka, whose body was motionless before us in this country tavern, but whose inspiration placed us amid the mighty distances and deeps. He sang, this poor peasant, utterly forgetful of his rival and of us all. Yet skilful swimmer though he was, he owed much to the magnetic current of our keen enthusiasm—to our hopes that followed his tuneful strokes, and buoyed him upon the waves he braved.

Every note that sped from his lips sounded spontaneous and health-giving in our ears. It was copious and ineffably gentle, like our steppe breeze, traversing space in all directions and lavishing the soft caresses of its breath. I felt the tears form in my heart; tremble and rise—rise—rise into daylight in my eyes.

Some stifled sobs struck on my ear. The tavern keeper's wife was weeping, leaning her bosom against the sill of the partition window. Iachka glanced at her rapidly, and his song was but the more sonorous, warm and moving. Nicolai Ivanytch panted under its charm. Morgatch had his eyes fixed upon the blackened ceiling. Obaldoui, softened and stupefied, sat with open mouth. The moujik was sobbing very softly in our corner with a slight swaying of the head intended to rock and lull his emotion; and on the iron features of Diki Barin under the long beetling eyebrows which met in the middle of his forehead were two great tears ready to melt into a rivulet. Iachka's rival had his fist resolutely pressed against his brow and made not the slightest movement.

Breathless beneath the weight of these sensations I know not how the general emotion would have found vent, when it had reached its final paroxysm, if Iachka had not suddenly concluded with a high note, extraordinarily sharp, pure and bold, as if heaven had for ever drawn from him his angel voice through the medium of a golden wire, reaching to the sky. No one called out; no one stirred. All seemed to be vaguely waiting till this stolen voice, so lately flowing, should redescend from the clouds. But Iachka had re-opened his eyes. He seemed surprised at this ecstatic silence. His glances asked its cause. He soon understood. The victory was his; it had been transferred to him.

"Iachka!" said the Wild Gentleman, placing a trembling hand upon his shoulder; and he could not utter another syllable.

We sat as if petrified by enchantment. Iachka's rival rose and advanced towards him.

"You have won—yes—won," he said, with an emotion that was painful to witness, and hurriedly left the tavern.

This rapid exit, the sudden opening and closing of the door, ended at last the charm that had paralyzed our minds and bodies. We all began to talk loudly and cheerfully. Obaldoui leapt three feet into the air, stammered a few words, and twirled his long arms like the sails of a windmill. Morgatch limped towards the singer and began to kiss him. Nicolai Ivanytch came out of his enclosure and solemnly undertook to double, at his own cost, the prize which Iachka had won. The Wild Gentleman laughed out with a hearty laugh, and wore a smile that I had never thought to see upon his visage. The moujik retreated into the shadow of his corner and mopped his cheeks, eyes, nose, and beard with his two sleeves, murmuring, "Good, good, that is indeed good!" And Nicolai's wife, feeling that she had turned red with emotion, got up and disappeared.

Iachka rejoiced like a child over his victory. Others may call this vulgar, but it did not appear so in my eyes. His countenance was transfigured; his eyes especially reflected the utmost happiness. He was dragged by the arm and by the waist towards the bar. I liked to see him call up the weeping ragged moujik, and send mine host's son in search of his rival who, unluckily, was not to be found. Then they clinked glasses. Obaldoui, ever importunate, wanted at once to make Iachka promise to sing again, to sing till night.

I gave one more most attentive glance at the victor, and took my departure. I was afraid lest by remaining I might spoil impressions which I wished to preserve in all their purity, and of which I have only succeeded in giving a very feeble and inadequate idea.

The heat outside was still unbearable. It hung over the surface of the glowing earth in a heavy thick suffocating layer. Under the deep blue vault of heaven a myriad little flames appeared to dance in an atmosphere of very fine, almost black dust. Universal stillness reigned in the air, which seemed overburdened, impregnated with despair amid this deep silence of a world whose vital powers were in paralysis. I stepped into the hay-loft, and there stretched myself voluptuously on the fresh cut and lately garnered hay, which was already almost dry. I had no reckoning of the hours that sped as I lay dreaming there, listening with restless imagination to the ravishing melodies of Iachka. At last heat and fatigue gained the mastery, and I fell dead asleep.

When I awoke it was night. The hay gave forth an intoxicating smell. Between the thin woodwork of the half-thatchless roof I could see the pale stars shine. I went out. I turned towards the west; it was overclouded; but in the air, which had been baked for fifteen whole hours, the heat might still be felt in spite of the evening freshness, and the parched human breast sighed for a little wind and a few clouds. But the sky, though dark, was clear and fathomless: and the stars only showed their twinkling rays far asunder.

In the sleeping village here and there a few red fires might be discerned. The tavern alone broke in upon the darkness of the background with brilliant festal lights, and from it flowed a sort of harmonious chaos of voices, mingled and confused.

Above them I fancied I could distinguish the voice of Iachka. From time to time there was a burst of disorderly laughter. I drew near to one of the windows, and pressing my face against the glass, I managed to catch sight of a scene of much gaiety, or at any rate full of liveliness and contrast.

Inside they were all drunk, every one; beginning with Iachka who, with his tunic disordered, had seated himself upon a cask-head.

He was singing with a hiccupy voice some mad village round, and lazily fingered the strings of a guitar. His wet hair hung in flaccid tresses down his pale cheeks. In the very middle of the tavern, Obaldouï, drunk beyond shame, in his shirt and trousers was dancing and zigzagging and throwing his legs about in giddy leaps and tumbles, with the great ragged-coated moujik as his *vis-à-vis*, to do the grave and graceful part of the performance. When it was the latter's turn to execute some step, he shook and twisted his tottering legs as best he could. He smiled a foolish idiotic smile which showed through the bristles of his bushy beard; and, for lack of a voice, his hand extended at the level of his shoulder seemed to indicate the words which should be spoken, with a desperate jollity in his drunken dance. Nothing can be imagined more ridiculous than this countenance, grimacing with the effort to raise a pair of eyebrows which refused obedience and persisted in hiding eyes that wished at any cost to wear an air of tender softness. The yokel was in that state of drunkenness where shaking is useless, and every passer-by remarks "Well, he *is* drunk if you like!" Morgatch, as red as a lobster, with nostrils dilated wide, was smiling maliciously from the bench where he had seated himself, near the window. Nicolaï Ivanovitch alone had, as befits a worthy host, kept his head. There were a lot of fresh faces present. I tried hard to catch the eye of Diki Barin. It was time wasted; he was not there.

I determined to go down the hill on which stands Kolotofka. In the valley is a wide plain over which the thick dark evening mist was brooding. The plain, its surface thus hidden, looked ten times as extensive as it was, and seemed to lose itself in the sky, whose darkness was deepened by this mist. I was striding down hill, along the path that borders on the ravine, when suddenly, afar from the valley, I heard the clear voice of a child, a little boy.

"Antropka! Antropka—a—a—a!" it cried, with a despairing mixture of tears and perseverance, dwelling long, ever so long and brokenly on the last syllable. He was silent for a few moments, and then began again to holloa in the same way. His voice, shaking the sleeping, motionless air, acquired from the hour and the conformation of the place, the power of carrying an immense distance. Thirty times, at least, he shouted the name Antropka. Suddenly, from the end of a blurred plot of ground, covered with brushwood, there reached my ear, as if from the other world much weakened by distance, the question "What?"

The child's voice, full of malicious joy, answered, "Come here, demon; come, naughty devil!"

"What for?" replied the other voice, after a couple of minutes' interval.

"Be quick! Aunt is going to whip you. She's waiting for you!" said the boy, eagerly.

The distant voice answered no more, and the boy began again calling Antropka. His cries, weaker and less frequent every five minutes, still reached my ear, and by this time it was already quite dark. At length I turned the corner of the wood which surrounds my village, some four versts distant from Kolotofka.

"Antropka—a—a—a!"

This cry still sounded far away, through an atmosphere filled with all the darkest shades and thickest mists of night.

[THE END.]

Concerts.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The fact that Herr Joachim was absent from his usual post was to some extent a drawback to last Saturday's concert, but it was compensated for by the presence of Madame Schumann, who, after an interval of two years, returned to delight English audiences yet once again. Her choice of Beethoven's sonata "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," may have been governed by the personal application to herself; at any rate, it was a good choice, for there is no work, at least of Beethoven's, which so well exhibits her extraordinary and unsurpassed beauty and grandeur of tone, her imaginative power, or her dexterity of fingers, a quality which remains still unimpaired. If any falling off is to be discovered it is in the direction

of muscular force. The *fortissimo* at the opening of the last movement no longer electrified the audience as it did two years ago, though in other passages the weight and richness of tone was, as we have said, unaltered. The last-named feature of her style was shown to great advantage in the little additional piece with which the enthusiasm of the audience had to be allayed, the Study in D flat, originally written for the pedal piano, by Schumann. The Quartet in F, by the same composer, opened the concert, and was beautifully played by Messrs. Straus, Ries, Gibson, and Piatti. Miss Carlotta Elliot sang with very great intelligence, Beethoven's "Ich liebe dich," and Schubert's "Ungeduld," but failed to give much effect to Mr. Corder's admirable song, "O sun, that wakenest all."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

The concert of Monday last must be considered as the most interesting of the series, so far as it has yet gone. The conjunction of two planets of the first magnitude, Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim, is a sufficiently auspicious event in the astronomy of music, and when it is said that an important new work was given at the same time, it will be readily imagined that an unusually rich treat was in store for the audience. Madame Schumann was only heard by herself in the sonata that Beethoven dedicated to Count Waldstein. Her interpretation of this sonata has been so generally adopted by players of almost every school, that the *accelerando* which she was the first to introduce in the passage leading to the last movement seems now to be the obvious rendering. The new work (new, that is, to the Popular Concerts, though played at Mr. Dannreuther's and elsewhere) was Herr Heinrich von Herzogenberg's Sonata for violin and piano in A, Op. 32. Of the three movements into which the composition is divided, the first in six-eight time is at once the most conventional and the most pleasing. It displays no ordinary degree of ingenuity in the working-out, notwithstanding its conformity to classical rules, and its interest is kept up throughout. The second movement presents a strikingly original theme and rhythm, treated in a manner that savours not a little of Bach; and the third, connected with the slow movement by an elaborate cadenza in the violin part, is full of character and originality, but is perhaps less pleasing on a first hearing than the other two. The work was played to perfection by Herr Joachim and Miss Zimmermann. Beethoven's Septet, and Chopin's brilliant Polonaise for pianoforte and violoncello were included in the programme; and Mr. Henry Piercy contributed songs by Mendelssohn and Rubinstein.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Last Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace assumed something of the character of a musical celebration, the composer sought to be honoured being Ludwig van Beethoven, the anniversary of whose death had fallen on the preceding day. The first, and, in point of duration, by far the longest part of the concert, was devoted to works by this illustrious composer, who was represented in his three several styles by his Overture to the Ballet of *Prometheus*, his Concerto for violin and orchestra, and his Symphony No. 7 in A. In the greatest work yet written for the violin, Herr Joachim was the solo executant, and although the continuity of the opening Allegro was abruptly interfered with by the snapping of one of the strings of his instrument, the artist, who was in excellent vein, rendered the solo part throughout with most consummate mastery, and at the conclusion, was recalled to the platform and applauded to the echo. The violinist, who introduced his own cadenzas, was most worthily supported in his efforts by the orchestra, at whose hands Beethoven's enchanting Symphony also received an interpretation of more than ordinary excellence. In the second part Herr Joachim contributed with the happiest results three pieces by Schumann, "Gartenmelodie," "Am Spring brunnen," and "Abendlied," the last named being given as orchestrated by the player. The programme also included a Suite for Grand Orchestra by Moszkowski designated "Aus Aller Herren Länder" heard on this occasion for the first time at Sydenham. The work consists of half-a-dozen agreeable movements more, or less developed, introducing some of the popular characteristics—dance measures, and otherwise—of various nationalities. The vocalist of the afternoon was Miss Kate Flinn, a

rising young soprano with a bright sympathetic voice and an excellent method, who was heard to excellent advantage in Verdi's "Ernani involami," and who also created a distinctly favourable impression in a couple of songs by Franz and Grieg. She is a pupil of Signor Adelmann. Mr. Manns conducted.

MR. LAMOND'S RECITALS.

The recitals given by Mr. Frederic Lamond, the young Scotch pianist, in the course of the week have tended to establish his reputation in London, and at the same time strictly to confine that reputation within certain limits. As regards technical capacity, Mr. Lamond ranks with the first artists of the day. His brilliancy, his accuracy, his perseverance, and even more than these, his musical memory, are absolutely phenomenal. He seems not only to know, but to know by heart, a vast range of pianoforte literature, from Bach down to Rubinstein and Liszt. Saying all this of a young man in his teens, one indicates at the same time a brilliant future for the young artist. It is only on enquiring into the questions of intellectual grasp and of poetical insight that one realizes how much Mr. Lamond has still to learn. In connection with these questions, two further queries naturally suggest themselves: How does the new artist play Beethoven, and how does he play Chopin? As to Beethoven, and especially Beethoven's later works, the answer is upon the whole favourable. The Sonata in C minor, Opus 111, Mr. Lamond's most ambitious effort, was a very satisfactory performance. A certain breadth, a certain repose, seemed wanting. There was an occasional striving for detailed effect which somewhat interfered with the general design of the picture. Detached phrases and detached accents in those phrases were placed in too much relief. One felt that the player was conscious, and that the effects were in consequence laboured rather than spontaneous. But in spite of these drawbacks, the rendering may be called an excellent one. Towards Chopin Mr. Lamond's position is as yet an indefinite one. He plays the notes, but the poetic essence of those notes has escaped him. His touch also is here wanting in refinement. A Polonaise was throughout played in a kind of *martellato*—in English, steam-hammer—style. Excellent beyond all praise on the other hand were Brahms's twenty-eight variations on a theme of Paganini, Opus 35. Mr. Lamond returns to Germany to complete his studies. We shall be glad to meet him again when the troubled waters of his "storm and stress" period have subsided into the powerful yet rhythmical motion of a rising tide.

MR. MAX PAUER'S MORNING CONCERT.

A good audience assembled at Mr. Max Pauer's concert, which was held last Wednesday afternoon at Princes' Hall. Mr. Pauer had opportunity for the display of his technical facility in Bach's English suite, and of his power of intelligent and expressive interpretation in the well-known Fantasia, Op. 17, dedicated by Schumann to Liszt. The opening movement of the latter was, perhaps, if anything, over-phrased, and an occasional relief from the continual rubato would have been welcome. Mr. Pauer was assisted by Herr E. Zajic, solo violinist to the Grand Duke of Baden, and principal Professor of the Violin at the Strasburg Conservatoire, a player possessed of a robust tone and of considerable executive skill, as was proved by his rendering of a long and rather uninteresting Ciaconna by Vitali. Herr Zajic was also heard in conjunction with Mr. Pauer in Beethoven's C minor Sonata, Op. 30, No. 2. The remaining pieces for pianoforte alone, consisting of "Concert Studies" by Seeling, Liszt, Nicodé, and Moszkowski, were given by Mr. Pauer in a manner fully warranting the marks of approval with which they were received.

THE BACH CHOIR.

That a society having for its main object the promulgation of art for art's sake deserves encouragement none will deny, and the thanks of the musical public are due to the Bach Choir, for presenting, in an able manner, unfamiliar and important works which would otherwise, owing to their being of a non-drawing character, be permanently shelved by speculative *entrepreneurs*. Commencing with Bach's cantata, "Gott ist mein König," written for the change of councillors at Mühlhausen, which ceremony was always accompanied with music, the concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday last week

was of a character more likely to instruct than to amuse. The cantata was followed by Beethoven's "Elegischer Gesang," a single slow movement in E major, written in memory of the wife of Johann Freiherr von Pasqualati. It is an impressive work, and was well rendered by the choir and string orchestra. Of Herr Joachim's performance of his Hungarian Concerto, so named after the *Rondo alla Zingara* of the last movement and Bach's Chaconne in D minor, a series of most complicated exercises, it is needless to speak; a perfect furore greeted this highly-gifted musician, who alone seems to be identified with his own difficult and learned composition. We are quite content that this should remain so, while his creative ideas are so fully realized by his own artistic performance. Schumann's "Scenes from Faust" (third part only) formed the concluding choral work, in which Mesdames Amy Sherwin, Friedländer, Lena Little, Mr. H. Thorndike, and Herr von Zur Mühlen took part; it certainly deserved a better place than at the end of a lengthy programme; containing as it does some of Schumann's best writing. The chorus, although disproportionate in its components, fulfilled its task fairly well; a quartet for female voices in the *Faust* music being exceptionally well sung. The difference of pitch between the organ and band was an unsatisfactory incident, and could not have been a pleasing experience for so skilful and careful a conductor as Mr. C. Villiers Stanford.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The performance of *The Redemption* at the Albert Hall, on Wednesday, can be dismissed in a very few words, because it reproduced all the excellent features which under Mr. Barnby's leadership have become familiar to the public. Every nuance was delicately observed, and the *forte* passages as well as the *piano* ones realized their full effect—a circumstance specially to be noted; for at the Albert Hall it is much easier to penetrate to the remotest corner of the building by a well-sustained *piano* than to produce the impression of a large and majestic volume of sound. Amongst the soli Madame Biro de Marion was new to her task, which she sustained with the dramatic force characteristic of this artist; Miss Albu also did good service, as did Miss Hilda Wilson in the contralto part, and Mr. Watkin Mills as the bass narrator; Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley completing a highly efficient cast.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

A treat of a rare kind was in store for the audience of last Monday's Popular Concert, or at least for those among it who are able to enjoy chamber music of the highest class. To that class Beethoven's string quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 132, is nowadays very generally admitted to belong, although the time is not far distant when grave critics, to say nothing of the ordinary amateur, looked upon the works of the master's last and grandest period as little better than the effusions of an inspired maniac. It is true that here he breaks with the so called "classical" form, and that his imaginings are comprehensible only by means of that "poetic idea" which a modern composer would probably have set forth in a programme, and which Beethoven himself in the ninth symphony embodied in Schiller's "Ode to Joy." But even this new element, one would think, could scarcely have blinded the Philistines of the period to the absolute beauties of the music which Monday's audience seemed to take in and enjoy without hesitation. So great is the progress which the general comprehension of music has made in the last thirty years. Of Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti it will be sufficient to say that they were the worthy interpreters of so great a work. The remainder of the programme was of no special interest. Miss Fanny Davies played the fifth of Schumann's six Studies in canon form Op. 56, and the Novelletto No. 2 in D, the latter of which was rhythmically somewhat feeble, although otherwise laudable. Miss Maude V. White accompanied Mr. Herbert Thorndike in two of her songs, the first of which, "Die Himmelsaugen" is very beautiful. In the second, Heine's "Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen," she had been anticipated by Schumann, and, probably to avoid comparison with his delicate setting, she has turned the gentle and melancholy poem into a kind of dramatic *scena*, wholly at variance with its import. The words

"Da löst sich auf in Thränen
"Mein übergrosses Weh,"

vociferated in rapid measure produce an absolutely grotesque effect. Mr. Thorndike's enunciation of the words left much to be desired, as did also his intonation in the first song.

At the last Monday concert but one Madame Norman-Néruda took leave of the public for the season, playing, in conjunction with Herr Joachim, Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins. The audience was very numerous and the enthusiasm at fever heat. In answer to the inevitable encore the second and slow movement was repeated—a very inartistic proceeding, all the more to be deplored because countenanced by such artists. The encore nuisance at the Popular Concerts is assuming proportions against which an intelligent minority will soon find it necessary to protest with some degree of energy. Miss Agnes Zimmermann's charming rendering of Grieg's very charming sonata in E minor is all that need be noticed of the remainder of the programme.

Mr. Franke's chamber concerts, the fourth of which was given at the Princes' Hall on Tuesday evening, are in a manner supplementary to the Popular Concerts. Vocal music, more especially concerted vocal music, which is the weak point of the latter, is made the chief feature of Mr. Franke's meritorious enterprise. On Tuesday, however, the interest of the concert centred in the first appearance as a pianist of Herr Julius Röntgen, of Amsterdam, whose name has recently become prominent by the performance of his *Tuscan Rispetti* at these concerts. Herr Röntgen played a composition of his own, modestly called "Variations and Finale on Hungarian Czárdás," which turned out to be a very important work, grandly laid out and beautifully developed. From a very simple theme the composer has derived a series of variations, one more interesting than the other, and wound up by a finale fit to serve as climax to such a piece. Herr Röntgen's style, in this as in other works, is akin to that of Brahms, whom he resembles slightly in personal appearance and even more as an executant on the pianoforte. He has that peculiar touch which we recently defined as the *touche de compositeur*, in addition to which he is a virtuoso of the first order. His composition and his playing positively electrified the audience, and in reply to several recalls Herr Röntgen was injudicious enough to sit down at the piano again, and to play a long *toccata* of Bach, thus showing that, although an accomplished musician, he is still wanting in artistic tact. The result was that the enthusiasm previously excited fell to a very moderate temperature. The vocal quartet, consisting, as on previous occasions, of Miss Hamlin, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Fisher, repeated its performances of the second set of Brahms's *Liebes-Lieder-Walzer*, and of Herr Röntgen's *Tuscan Rispetti*, the latter accompanied by the composer. Both were admirably given. In Brahms's work an encore was urgently demanded by part of the audience, but sternly declined by Mr. Frantzen, who presided at the piano, and from whom Herr Joachim, Madame Norman-Néruda, and Herr Röntgen should take a lesson in modesty and artistic discretion.—*The Times*, March 25.

Next Week's Music.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY).		P.M.
Saturday Popular Concert	St. James's Hall...	3
Saturday Concert	Crystal Palace ...	3
Hampstead Conservatoire Students' Concert	Princes' Hall	3
Victoria Musical Society's Concert.....	St. James's Hall...	8
MONDAY, 5.		
St. Elizabeth (Rehearsal).....	St. James's Hall ..	2.30
Monday Popular Concert	St. James's Hall...	8
TUESDAY, 6.		
St. Elizabeth	St. James's Hall...	8
May Day, &c.	The Athenæum, Highbury...	8
WEDNESDAY, 7.		
St. Elizabeth	St. James's Hall...	2.30
The Three Holy Children	St. James's Hall...	8.30
FRIDAY, 9.		
Liszt Concert	St. James's Hall...	8.30
Royal Amateur Orchestral Concert	Princes' Hall	9

Prospective Arrangements at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

ST. PAUL'S.

SATURDAY, April 3.—Morning: Benedicite (South), No. 2; Benedictus (Gounod); Anthem, "My God, my God" (Reynolds), No. 85. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Tours), in F; Anthem, "And He shall redeem thee, Israel" (Gounod), No. 561, "From the deep" (fourth movement).

SUNDAY, April 4 (*Fourth in Lent. Mid-Lent Sunday*).—Morning: Benedicite (Martin), No. 3; Benedictus (Calkin), in B flat; Introit, "O come every one that thirsteth" (Mendelssohn), No. 343; Holy Communion (Stainer), in B flat. (1) Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Attwood), in C; Anthem, "As the hart pants" (Mendelssohn), No. 315, Movements 1, 2, 4. (2) Magnificat, &c., to Chants; Hymns as on printed paper.

MONDAY, April 5.—Morning: Benedicite (Hoyte), in E flat; Benedictus (Garrett), in E flat; Anthem, "Incline Thine ear" (Himmel), No. 264. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Field), in D; Anthem, "Wherefore grieve thou, O my spirit?" (Bach), Psalm xliii. 5. TUESDAY, April 6.—Morning: Benedicite (Lloyd), in E flat; Benedictus (Hopkins), in F; Anthem, "Wash me thoroughly" (Wesley), No. 466. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Garrett), in D; Anthem, "Here by Babylon's wave" (Gounod), No. 755.

WEDNESDAY, April 7.—Morning: Benedicite (Horner); Jubilate (Walmisley), in B flat. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Cooke), in C; Anthem, "Lord bow Thine ear" (Mendelssohn), No. 336.

THURSDAY, April 8 (Men's voices only, at Evensong).—Morning: Benedicite (Dicker, Pooley, &c.); Benedictus (Stainer), in B flat; Anthem, "How long wilt Thou forget me?" (Brahms), No. 69. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Stainer), in D; Anthem, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord" (Mendelssohn), No. 363.

FRIDAY, April 9.—(Without organ).—Morning: Benedicite (South), No. 1; Jubilate (Ouseley), in E flat. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Arnold), in A; Anthem, "Art thou weary?" (Lloyd); Hymn 254.

SATURDAY, April 10.—Morning: Benedicite (Iliffe); Benedictus (Bridge), in G; Anthem, "Jesu, Lord of Life and Glory" (Naumann), No. 908. 11.30 a.m.: Confirmation by the Bishop of London. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Steggall), in G; Anthem, "O come near to the cross" (Gounod), No. 564.

Notes for the week following (*Passion Week*):—SUNDAY (*Fifth in Lent*), April 11.—Morning: Benedictus (Lloyd), in E flat; Holy Communion (Lloyd), in E flat. Evening: Magnificat, &c. (Garrett), in F; Anthem, "Zion's ways do languish" (Gounod).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, 3.—10 a.m.: Service. Calkin; Anthem, No. 11 (Ps. xxv. 5), Nares, "Call to remembrance." 3 p.m.: Service. Calkin; Hymn, No. 144 (Ps. lix. 16), Greene, "I will sing of Thy power."

SUNDAY, 3 (*4th Sunday in Lent*)—10 a.m.: Service. Benedicite, M. Smith, in F; Continuation, Tours; Hymn, after 3rd Collect, No. 128. 3 p.m.: Service. Garrett, in F; Anthem, No. 349 (Ps. xl. 1), Mendelssohn "I waited for the Lord"; Hymn, after 3rd Collect, No. 132. 7 p.m.: Service in Choir (see Special Programme).

Notes and News.

LONDON.

Liszt arrives in London this (Saturday) afternoon at five o'clock.

Mr. Sims Reeves began a second series of concerts at the Albert Palace, last Saturday, when Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Santley, and the "Anemoic Union" assisted.

Mr. Arthur Strugnell gave a very successful concert at the South Place Institute, Finsbury, last Monday. Misses Kate and Nellie Chaplin, Mr. Edwin Smyth, and Mr. Lewis Thomas were the instrumentalists; the vocalists were Miss Beatrice Gye, Mr. James Bell, and Mr. Arthur Strugnell.

A successful concert was given last Tuesday, under the direction of Mr. W. Ganz, at the Grosvenor Hall, Buckingham Palace Road, in aid of a Theatrical Institute and Club-room. The programme consisted of a selection of vocal and instrumental music, in which the following performers took part: Miss Erica Robertson, Mrs. Batten, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, Miss Behrend, Mrs. Gaskell, Hon. S. G. Lyttleton, and Mr. Lionel Benson. Miss Stephenson (pianoforte), Mr. Derenburg (violin), and Mr. Buels (violin). There was a good audience, and the Princess Louise was present.

The final examination for 19 open scholarships in the Royal College of Music was decided on Thursday, 18th inst. The total number

of candidates applying was 656. Of these 92 were disqualified on various grounds of irregularity, etc., and the remainder were examined at 114 centres, on the 25th of February, and reduced to 235, and these were brought up to the final examination at the College itself, which terminated on Thursday, the 18th. The names of the successful candidates are as follows:—Composition—Ferdinand L. Dunkley (16); Singing (Females)—Beatrice M. Baxter (17), Margaret Davies (20), Annie Roberts (18); Singing (Males)—Alfred C. Peach (21); Piano—Polexina Fletcher (14), Maud F. May (18), Ethel Sharpe (14); Violin—Alfred C. Hobday (15), Wallace Sutcliffe (14); Violoncello—Maud Fletcher (13); Organ—Harry E. Ball (14); Thomas T. Noble (18); Flute—Edward Ingham (19); Oboe—Edgar C. Horton (19); Clarinet—William H. Hall (20); Bassoon—Edwin Hall (22); French Horn—Joseph Smith (22), Ralph Livesey (19).

Mr. Hermann Franke has just issued the prospectus of the thirteenth season of the Richter Concerts, which is one of special interest. The excellent plan already adopted with success by M. Lamoureux in Paris, of giving entire acts of Wagner's operas, will form an attractive feature in these entertainments, the pieces selected for the forthcoming series being the second act of *Tristan and Isolde*, and the third act of *Siegfried*. The distribution of characters will be as follows: Isolde and Brünnhilde (Frl. Theresa Malten); Tristan and Siegfried (Herr Heinrich Gudehus); Brängäne (Frl. Helene Hieser); and Marke and Kurwenal (Mr. Georg Henschel). Performances are also promised of Brahms's new Symphony No. 4, a new Symphony by D'Albert, and for the first time in London, the choruses and incidental music to *The Eumenides* by Dr. C. V. Stanford. Mr. Franke's now well known vocal quartet (composed of Miss Hamlin, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Fisher) will co-operate in Beethoven's Grand Mass in D, and in the "Choral Symphony." Other works, more or less familiar to the patrons of the Richter Concerts will also be included in the new series which, as will be seen, is likely to prove an exceptionally attractive one. The first concert will take place on Monday, May 3.

Mr. Gilbert R. Betjemann (son of the well-known violinist) has gained the Santley Prize at the Royal Academy of Music, for accompanying and transposing at sight. The examiners were Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. William Winch, and Mr. Santley (chairman). The giver of the prize complimented the successful candidate, fully appreciating the difficulty of the task of transposing, and insisting on the necessity that exists for competent accompanists, who are able not only to follow but to support the voice. This Mr. Betjemann did in a marked degree, and Mr. Santley predicted that he would become one of our best accompanists.

A correspondent writes:—The 4th Battalion City of London Fusiliers, under the command of Colonel L. G. Dundas, have decided to reorganize their Band, and have entrusted the task to the hands of Messrs. Besson and Co., Euston Road, London. The order comprises both Brass and Reed Instruments. The Clarionets supplied are of Messrs. Besson's new material, registered as "reliable." These instruments are intended not only to replace wooden Clarionets, but the whole family of wooden instruments. However well seasoned wood may be, it is always liable to crack, when exposed to extreme temperature, and Ebonite has also proved a great failure when put to the test as it frequently chips. This new material (Reliable) however, is guaranteed neither to crack, warp, nor split, no matter to what temperature or climate it may be exposed, and it has besides the additional advantages of being lighter and more durable than wood.

The funeral of the late Signor Nicola Ferri took place at St. Mary's (Catholic) Cemetery, Kensal Green, yesterday (Friday) at noon.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The Carl Rosa Company attracted large audiences here last week by their performances of Mr. A. Goring Thomas's, *Nadeshda* and *Carmen*. The principal characters in the former were sustained by Madame Georgina Burns, Mr. McGuckin, and Mr. Crotty. In the latter Madame Marie Roze sang the part of *Carmen*, and was supported by Miss Vadini, Miss Burton, Miss Resano, and MM. Sauvage, Valentine Smith, Cook, Esmond, and Burgon.

BRISTOL.—On Monday last, March 29, the third of Mr. Riseley's concerts took place, and it was a pleasure to notice the marked improvement as regards attendance. On this occasion a departure from the original lines of these concerts was made, inasmuch as the programme consisted entirely of two choral works—Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The orchestral portions of these works were safe in the hands of Mr. Riseley's instrumentalists, and those assigned to the chorus received full justice from the body of singers who interpreted them. The soloists engaged were Miss Agnes Larkcom, Mr. Bernard Lane, Madam Bailey, Miss Gane and Mr. Worlock—the three last local vocalists—who one and all sustained the reputations they have made for themselves. The tenor solo, "The Sorrows of Death," sung by Mr. Lane, was one of the chief successes of the evening.

GLASGOW.—A lecture on "Schubert" was delivered by Mr. F. A. Laing, in the Hall of Free Anderston Church, University Avenue, on Thursday evening, March 25. The lecture proved a highly interesting one, and in the course of the evening musical illustrations were rendered by Miss J. K. Stephen, Messrs. Berry, Cole, Daly, Reid, Iff, and Walton.—The Glasgow Select Choir gave the last concert of the season on Saturday night, under their conductor, Mr. Millar Craig, at which a long list of short part-songs was rendered with the care and taste for which the choir is noted; and a number of organ soli were performed by Dr. Peace.—Nothing of musical interest has occurred sufficient to rouse the public from the state of apathy into which it has, as usual at this season, settled down. A series of representations given by Mr. T. W. Turner's English Opera Company at the Royalty brings the usual stereotyped *répertoire* *Maritana*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Trovatore*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Sonnambula*; and will not, either by the works produced or the manner of production, do much to counteract the general feeling of musical stagnation.

FOREIGN.

Madame Adelina Patti's last concert at Madrid was a veritable triumph, and went far to atone for the hisses of the Valencianos. In the course of the evening a deputation of journalists, subscribers and amateurs presented the singer with a massive wreath of gold and silver, on which was inscribed: "To Adelina Patti! the Queen of song, from her faithful subjects."

Verdi is now in Paris. Sundry Italian papers must bear the sole responsibility for the renewed assertion that the cast of *Otello* has been definitely arranged. The names mentioned are Madame Pantaleoni, Signori Tamagno, Navarini, and Devoyod.

COPENHAGEN, March 28.—Madame Norman-Neruda has just arrived here; she gave her first concert last night. The programme was as follows:—Viotti, Concerto; Neruda, Ballade; Wieniawski, Mazurka; Bazzini, Ronde des Lutins; Vieuxtemps, E major Concerto. The great violinist being our favourite as well as yours, the Danish public was enchanted to hear her again. It is five years since she visited Copenhagen. She was enthusiastically received, and called back several times after each number. You have heard Madame Norman-Neruda often at London concerts, and probably have heard her play the very same things, so that I need not tell you how she executed them here. She was assisted by two of our best concert-singers, Mdlle. Diedrichsen and the tenor, Mr. Bielefeldt; also by the pianist Lembecke. The royal family, and of course all our great artists, Gade, Hartmann, &c., were present. It was a splendid evening. To-day she starts on her provincial tour. On the 3rd of April, she gives her second concert at Copenhagen.—Edvard Grieg and his wife have lately been giving concerts in the provinces—Aarhns, Vejle, Odense, &c.—obtaining great success everywhere.—At the Opera nothing of special interest has happened except the revival of Halévy's *L'Eclair*, which proved a success.

PARIS, March 31.—The visit of the Abbé Liszt has been the all-absorbing musical event of the week, and amateurs, who have not been fortunate enough to obtain a glimpse of him, follow with eager interest the records of his movements in the daily papers. Last Thursday the high expectations which had been roused by the announcement of the *Graner Messe*, at the Church of St. Eustache, were disappointed by a rather indifferent performance, thanks to an unfortunate exhibition of clerical intolerance on the part of the Archbishop of Paris, whose determination to interdict ladies from singing in the church was not to be shaken. The parts, therefore, originally assigned to the latter, had to be transferred to boys, with a result that was far from satisfactory. M. Colonne conducted, and Liszt occupied a seat close to him. Several members of the Orleans family were present.—M. Lamoureux's concert, on Monday, the twentieth and last of the season, took place under happier auspices, and was in every respect a success. The name of Liszt figured largely in the programme, and the presence of the veteran composer was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. At the conclusion of his second concerto, in which M. Planté, indisputably the chief of French pianists, greatly distinguished himself, Liszt, amid the acclamations of the audience, suffered himself to be led upon the stage, when a somewhat unwieldy palm-tree wreathed with roses was presented to him. When quiet was restored the symphonic poem, "Tasso," was proceeded with. M. Planté also played two of Liszt's transcriptions, the Allegretto from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and the "Spinning-wheel Chorus," from the *Flying Dutchman*, and later on a Hungarian Rhapsody. Fine performances were also given by M. Lamoureux's orchestra of the "Walküren Ritt," and of the overtures to *Ruy Blas* and *Tannhäuser*. It was an occasion to be remembered. Nor should I omit mention of a brilliant reception given, on Monday night, by Madame Erard at her château near the Bois de Boulogne, when Liszt, in the congenial company of MM. Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, Talazac, Viardot, and Alboni, played an improvisation upon Hungarian airs in a style which evidently derived its inspiration from the presence of the earnest listeners who surrounded him.

BLISS CAN AMERICAN ORGAN

Call and examine these Instruments, or send for Circular, before buying.

Address—S. W. HERRICK, Manager,
263, OXFORD STREET, W.

LADIES!!! WRITE FOR BOX OF PATTERNS.



Direct from our own Mills.

The *Daily News* Fashion Article says: "Englishwomen no longer need to patronise the produce of foreign looms, so far as Woollen Textures are concerned. England has in some instances outstepped the competitors who were some years ago ahead of her. The

DARLINGTON CROSS WARP SERGES

are an instance of this. The texture is as soft and refined as anything we have had from abroad, and the union of warmth to lightness, so necessary to health, is in these materials brought to perfection. The fineness of the wool of which they are composed—English wool, be it understood—imparts to the serges the admirable quality of draping in those soft folds now so essential from the point of view of fashion.

Being made from two-fold yarn, both in warp and weft, they will be found practically untearable either way of the cloth; for Boating, Fishing, Riding, Walking, Touring, Cycling, &c., they are unapproachable. TO BE HAD IN ALL THE NEWEST COLOURINGS AND PATTERNS OF ALL THE DIFFERENT QUALITIES ARE SENT ON APPROBATION, POST FREE. Purchases of £1, carriage paid to any railway station in Great Britain. Any quantity cut, at wholesale price (10d. to 3s. per yard.)

HENRY PEASE & CO'S SUCCESSORS, SPINNERS and MANUFACTURERS, The Mills, DARLINGTON, Estd. 1752.

THE LONDON & PROVINCIAL DRYSALTING COMPANY, LIMITED.

PHENIX WORKS, CRAWTHEW GROVE,
CRYSTAL PALACE ROAD, EAST DULWICH, LONDON, S.E.

City Offices:—Archway House, Bush Lane, Cannon Street, E.C.

Manufacturers of—

THE MAHDI SAUCE.
THE GORDON SYRUP.
THE NATIONAL PEA SOUP.

Of all Grocers and Oilmen.

HODGE'S IMPROVED TRUSS.

"Very effective."—*The Lancet*, Oct. 3, 1885. "Very ingenious and successful truss."—*British Medical Journal*, May 23, 1885.

"Hodge's ingenious truss is on the principle insisted on by Prof. Wood."—*Medical Times*, Oct. 10, 1885.

"Its superiority over other instruments is likely to be demonstrated. The pad especially deserves attention; certain to come into general use; and the most perfect truss we have yet examined."—*Medical Press and Circular*, Oct. 21, 1885.

HODGE & Co., 18, JAMES STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

FIRST FOUR GRADES NOW READY.

Price Two Shillings each.

Under the Sanction and Approval of the Rev. Sir FREDERICK A. GORE OUSELEY, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., and of Sir G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. Doc.

THE MUSICIAN:

A GUIDE FOR PIANOFORTE STUDENTS.

By RIDLEY PRENTICE.

CONTAINS ANALYSES OF WELL-KNOWN PIECES PROGRESSIVELY ARRANGED, ENABLING THE PUPIL TO UNITE A STUDY OF MUSICAL FORM WITH THE ORDINARY PIANOFORTE PRACTICE.

Saturday Review.—"We are far from suggesting that there is any royal road for acquiring technical knowledge, but we are quite certain Mr. Ridley Prentice's road is in every way the pleasantest that has yet been laid before any pianoforte student."

Academy.—"A knowledge of form is imparted in simple and pleasant language. We heartily commend it to all who desire to understand, satisfactorily interpret, and enjoy beautiful music."

Graphic.—"Written with the laudable purpose of helping the pianoforte student to understand and enjoy beautiful music."

School Board Chronicle.—"A useful book for earnest teachers."

Musical Review.—"Mr. Ridley Prentice has newly developed an important though much neglected branch of the teacher's duties."

Monthly Musical Record.—"No more valuable work of the kind is in existence."

W. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co., PATERNOSTER SQUARE:
And all Book and Music Sellers.

Printed for the Proprietors by ALFRED S. MALLETT, at the Office, 68 & 70, Wardour Street, London, W.: and Published by GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.—Saturday, April 3, 1886.

BIRKBECK BANK, SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

THREE PER CENT INTEREST, allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.

TWO PER CENT. INTEREST on CURRENT ACCOUNTS calculated on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

The Bank undertakes for its Customers, free of charge, the custody of Deeds, Writings, and other Securities and Valuables; the collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities.

Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

THE BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY'S ANNUAL RECEIPTS EXCEED FIVE MILLIONS.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, with immediate possession and no Rent to pay. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY, 29, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with immediate possession, either for Building or Gardening purposes. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY, as above.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

THE ART OF SINGING.

New Edition, Revised and Improved, of
A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR
THE VOICE,
By T. A. WALLWORTH.

A Method as used by the Author in the Royal Academy of Music, and upon which he has cultivated the voices of his Pupils, Madame Alwina Valleria, Miss Lucy Franklin, and other successful Vocalists.

Full Music Size, price 7s.

London: HAMMOND & CO. (late JULLIEN), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his Residence, 86, Wimpole Street.

THE STOLBERG LOZENGE.

FOR INVIGORATING AND ENRICHING THE VOICE, AND REMOVING AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT.

"Of famed Stolberg's Lozenge we've all of us heard."—*Punch*, October 21, 1865.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE.

Actors, Singers, Clergymen, and all who are desirous of improving and invigorating their Voice for Singing or Public Speaking should use this Lozenge. One trial will be sufficient to account for the great reputation it has sustained for so many years. Testimonials from Patti, Grisi, Lablache, Santley, &c. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., by all Chemists throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

"IF THE BLOOD IS LIFE, NERVE IS THE STRENGTH OF MAN."—*Natural Science.*

UNDER the present high pressure of competition, our systems are deprived of the Natural Nourishment supplied by the Great Creator. To prevent this destruction of Vital Power has caused the proprior years of constant and anxious research, which by the interference of Divine Providence has been crowned with the Greatest Success, so much so that he is determined to disseminate amongst suffering humanity this great blessing, for which purpose he has named it

ROBUR NERVI,

OR

NERVE STRENGTHENER,

WHICH IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR

NEURALGIA TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS,

and all diseases which arise from a Disordered Stomach or over anxious Brain Work.

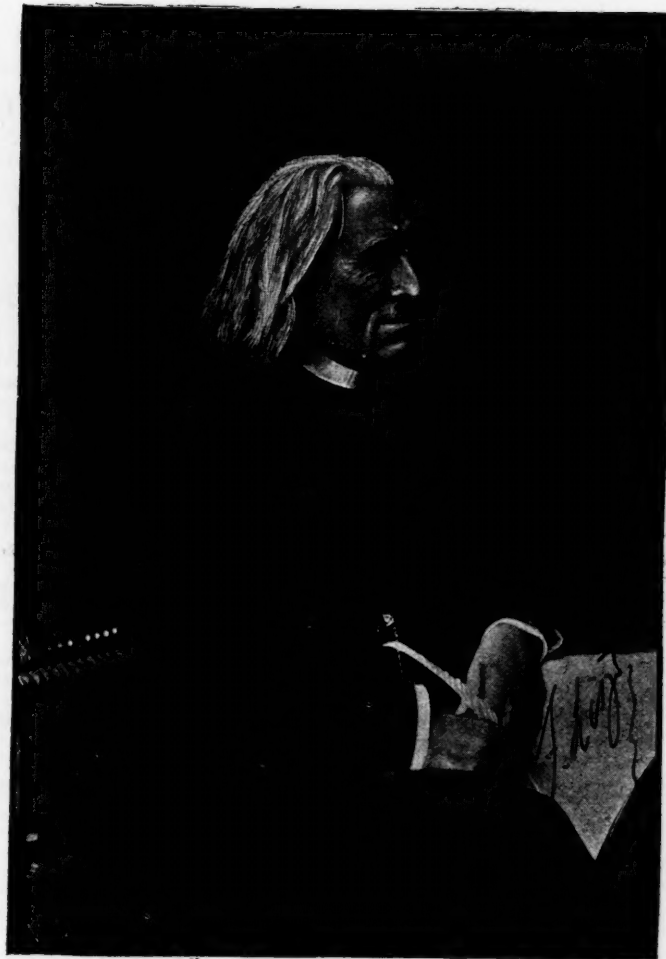
It can be obtained from all Chemists, or direct from

Mr. MOYLE, Surgeon-Dentist and Chemist,

25, BROADWAY, HAMMERSMITH, W.,

In Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

Mr. MOYLE, by his new suction process, restores the most AGED to REJUVENATION, and to assume the BEAUTY, COMFORT, and HEALTH of YOUTH. But great care must be taken that those who wish his ability are not led astray by others, who endeavour to assume his perfection of work in Mechanical and Artistic Dentistry. He would further wish to impress on all that his price for artificial work is within the reach of all.



A. grey. Monsieur, l'assurance
de mes sentiments très distingués
F. List